THE

SUGAR-CANE:

A

POEM.

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Given me by the Author
D^r. Shebbeare

THE SUGAR-CANE:

A

POEM.

IN

FOUR BOOKS:

WITH NOTES.

Agredior primuſque novis Helicona movere
Cantibus, et viridi nutantes vertice ſylvas;
Hoſpita ſacra ferens, nulli memorata priorum.

MANIL.

By JAMES GRAINGER, *M.D. &c.*

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PREFACE.

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SOON after my arrival in the *Weſt-Indies*, I conceived the deſign of writing a poem on the *cultivation of the Sugar-cane*. My inducements to this arduous undertaking were, not only the importance and novelty of the ſubject, but more eſpecially this conſideration; that, as the face of this country was wholly different from that of *Europe*, ſo whatever hand copied its appearances, however rude, could not fail to enrich poetry with many new and pictureſque images.

I CANNOT, indeed, ſay I have ſatisfied my own ideas in this particular: yet I muſt be permitted to recommend the precepts contained in this Poem. They are the children of Truth, not of Genius; the re-

ſult of Experience, not the productions of Fancy. Thus, though I may not be able to pleaſe, I ſhall ſtand ſome chance of inſtructing the Reader; which, as it is the nobler end of all poetry, ſo ſhould it be the principal aim of every writer who wiſhes to be thought a good man.

It muſt, however, be obſerved, that, though the general precepts are ſuited to every climate, where the Cane will grow; yet, the more minute rules are chiefly drawn from the practice of St. Chriſtopher. Some ſelection was neceſſary; and I could adopt no modes of planting, with ſuch propriety, as thoſe I had ſeen practiſed in that iſland, where it has been my good fortune chiefly to reſide ſince I came to the Weſt-Indies.

I have often been aſtoniſhed, that ſo little has been publiſhed on the cultivation of the Sugar-cane, while the preſs has groaned under folios on every other branch of rural œconomy. It were unjuſt to ſuppoſe planters were not ſolicitous for the improvement

provement of their art, and injurious to aſſert they were incapable of obliging mankind with their improvements.

And yet, except ſome ſcattered hints in Pere Labat, and other French travellers in America; an Eſſay, by Colonel Martyn of Antigua, is the only piece on planterſhip I have ſeen deſerving a peruſal. That gentleman's pamphlet is, indeed, an excellent performance; and to it I own myſelf indebted.

It muſt be confeſſed, that terms of art look aukward in poetry; yet didactic compoſitions cannot wholly diſpenſe with them. Accordingly we find that Heſiod and Virgil, among the ancients, with Philips and Dyer, (not to mention ſome other POETS now living in our own country); have been obliged to inſert them in their poems. Their example is a ſufficient apology for me, for in their ſteps I ſhall always be proud to tread.

Vos

Vos ſequor, O Graiæ gentis decus, inque veſtris nunc
Fixa pedum pono preſſis veſtigia ſignis;
Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter amorem,
Quod vos imitari aveo.——

Yet like them too, I have generally preferred the way of deſcription, wherever that could be done without hurting the ſubject.

Such words as are not common in Europe, I have briefly explained: becauſe an obſcure poem affords both leſs pleaſure and profit to the reader. — For the ſame reaſon, ſome notes have been added, which, it is preſumed, will not be diſagreeable to thoſe who have never been in the Weſt-Indies.

In a Weſt-India georgic, the mention of many indigenous remedies, as well as diſeaſes, was unavoidable. The truth is, I have

I have rather courted opportunities of this nature, than avoided them. Medicines of ſuch amazing efficacy, as I have had occaſion to make trials of in theſe iſlands, deſerve to be univerſally known. And wherever, in the following poem, I recommend any ſuch, I beg leave to be underſtood as a phyſician, and not as a poet.

Baſſeterre, Jan. 1763.

From Dr Stephen
Prebendary of Rochester
& Editor of Johnson's Poets

THE SUGAR-CANE.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

Subject propoſed. Invocation and addreſs. What ſoils the Cane grows beſt in. The grey light earth. Praiſe of St. Chriſtopher. The red brick mould. Praiſe of Jamaica, and of Chriſtopher Columbus. The black ſoil mixed with clay and gravel. Praiſe of Barbadoes, Nevis, and Mountſerrat. Compoſts may improve other ſoils. Advantages and diſadvantages of a level plantation. Of a mountain-eſtate. Of a midland one. Advantages of proper cultivation. Of fallowing. Of compoſt. Of leaving the Woura, and penning cattle on the diſtant Cane-pieces. Whether yams improve the ſoil. Whether dung ſhould be buried in each hole, or ſcattered over the piece. Cane-lands may be holed at any time. The ridges ſhould be open to the trade-wind. The beauty of holing regularly by a line. Alternate holing, and the wheel-plough recommended to trial. When to plant. Wet weather the beſt. Rain often falls in the Weſt-Indies, almoſt without any previous ſigns. The ſigns of rainy weather. Of fogs round the high mountains. Planting deſcribed. Begin to plant mountain-land in July: the low ground in November, and the ſubſequent months, till May. The advantage of changing tops in planting. Whether the Moon has any influence over the Cane-plant. What quantity of mountain and of low Cane-land may be annually planted. The laſt Cane-piece ſhould be cut off before the end of July. Of hedges. Of ſtone incloſures. Myrtle hedges recommended. Whether trees breed the blaſt. The character of a good planter. Of weeding. Of moulding. Of ſtripping.

THE SUGAR-CANE.

BOOK I.

WHAT ſoil the Cane affects; what care demands;
Beneath what ſigns to plant; what ills await;
How the hot nectar beſt to chryſtallize;
And Afric's ſable progeny to treat:
A Muſe, that long hath wander'd in the groves
Of myrtle-indolence, attempts to ſing.

SPIRIT of Inſpiration, that did'ſt lead
Th' Aſcrean Poet to the ſacred Mount,
And taught'ſt him all the precepts of the ſwain,
Deſcend from Heav'n, and guide my trembling ſteps

To Fame's eternal Dome, where Maro reigns;
Where paſtoral Dyer, where Pomona's Bard,
And Smart and Sommerville, in varying ſtrains,
Their ſylvan lore convey: O may I join
This choral band, and from their precepts learn
To deck my theme, which though to ſong unknown,
Is moſt momentous to my Country's weal!

So ſhall my numbers win the Public ear;
And not diſpleaſe Aurelius; him, to whom
Imperial George, the monarch of the main,
Hath given to wield the ſcepter of thoſe iſles,
Where firſt the Muſe beheld the ſpiry Cane,
Supreme of plants, rich ſubject of my ſong.

WHERE-E'ER

Ver 22. the ſpiry Cane,] The botanic name of the Cane is Saccharum. The Greeks and Romans ſeem to have known very little of this moſt uſeful and beautiful plant. Lucan and Pliny are the only Authors among the former who mention it; and, ſo far as I can find, Arrian is the only Greek. The firſt of theſe Writers, in enumerating Pompey's Eaſtern auxiliaries, deſcribes a nation who made uſe of the Cane-juice as a drink:

Dulces bibebant ex arundine ſuccos.

The induſtrious Naturaliſt ſays. "Saccharum et Arabia fert, "ſed laudatius India;" and the Greek Hiſtorian, in his περιπλους of the Red-ſea, tells us of a neighbouring nation who drank it alſo; his words are, μελι το καλαμινον το λεγομενον σακχαρι. The Cane, however, as it was a native of the Eaſt, ſo has it been probably cultivated there time immemorial. The raw juice was doubtleſs firſt made uſe of; they afterwards boiled it into a ſyrup; and, in proceſs of time, an inebriated ſpirit was prepared therefrom by fermentation. This conjecture is confirmed by the etymology, for the Arabic word סכר is evidently derived from the Hebrew שכר, which ſignifies an "intoxicating liquor." When the Indians began to make the Cane-juice into ſugar, I cannot diſcover:

WHERE-E'ER the clouds relent in frequent rains,
And the Sun fiercely darts his Tropic beam,
The Cane will joint, ungenial tho' the ſoil.
But would'ſt thou ſee huge caſks, in order due,
Roll'd

cover: probably, it ſoon found its way into Europe in that form, firſt by the Red-ſea, and afterwards through Perſia, by the Black-ſea and Caſpian; but the plant itſelf was not known to Europe, till the Arabians introduced it into the ſouthern parts of Spain, Sicily, and thoſe provinces of France which border on the Pyrenean mountains. It was alſo ſucceſsfully cultivated in Egypt, and in many places on the Barbary-coaſt. From the Mediterranean, the Spaniards and Portugueſe tranſported the Cane to the Azores, the Madeiras, the Canary and Cape-Verd iſlands, ſoon after they had been diſcovered in the fifteenth century: And, in moſt of theſe, particularly Madeira, it throve exceedingly. Whether the Cane is a native of either the Great or Leſs Antilles cannot now be determined; for their diſcoverers were ſo wholly employed in ſearching after imaginary gold-mines, that they took little or no notice of the natural productions. Indeed the wars, wherein they wantonly engaged themſelves with the natives, was another hinderance to phyſical inveſtigation. But whether the Cane was a production of the Weſt-Indies or not, it is probable, the Spaniards and Portugueſe did not begin to cultivate it either there or in South America (where it certainly was found), till ſome years after their diſcovery. It is alſo equally uncertain whether Sugar was firſt made in the Iſlands or on the Continent, and whether the Spaniards or Portugueſe were the firſt planters in the new world: it is indeed moſt likely that the latter erected the firſt ſugar-works in Brazil, as they are more lively and enterprizing than the Spaniards. However they had not long the ſtart of the latter; for, in 1506, Ferdinand the Catholic ordered the Cane to be carried from the Canaries to St. Domingo, in which iſland one Pedro de Atenca ſoon after built an "Ingenio de acucar," for ſo the Spaniards call a Sugar-work. But, though they began thus early to turn their thoughts to ſugar, the Portugueſe far outſtripped them in that trade; for Liſbon ſoon ſupplied moſt of Europe with that commodity; and, notwithſtanding the Engliſh then paid the Portugueſe at the rate of 4 l. per C. wt. for muſcovado, yet that price, great as it may now appear, was probably much leſs than what the Sugar from the Eaſt-Indies had commonly been ſold for. Indeed, ſo intent was the Crown of Portugal on extending their Brazil-trade, that that of the Eaſt-Indies began to be neglected, and ſoon after ſuffered a manifeſt

Roll'd numerous on the Bay, all fully fraught
With ſtrong-grain'd muſcovado, ſilvery-grey,
Joy of the planter; and if happy Fate
Permit a choice; avoid the rocky ſlope,
The clay-cold bottom, and the ſandy beach.
But let thy biting ax, with ceaſeleſs ſtroke,
The wild red cedar, the tough locuſt fell;

Nor

decay, However, their ſugar made them ample amends, in which trade they continued almoſt without a rival for upwards of a century. At laſt the Dutch, in 1623, drove the Portugueſe out of all the northern part of Brazil; and, during the one and twenty years they kept that conqueſt, thoſe induſtrious republicans learned the art of making ſugar. This probably inſpired the Engliſh with a deſire of coming in for a ſhare of the ſugar-trade; accordingly they, renouncing their chimerical ſearch after gold mines in Florida and Guiana, ſettled themſelves ſoon after at the mouth of the river Surinam, where they cultivated the Cane with ſuch ſucceſs, that when the colony was ceded to the Dutch, by the treaty of Breda, it maintained not leſs than 40,000 Whites, half that number of ſlaves, and employed, one year with another, 15,000 ton of ſhipping. This ceſſion was a ſevere blow to the Engliſh-trade, which it did not recover for ſeveral years, though many of the Surinam Planters carried their art and Negroes to the Leeward Iſlands and Jamaica, which then began to be the object of political conſideration in England.

Sugar is twice mentioned by Chaucer, who flouriſhed in the fourteenth century; and ſucceeding poets, down to the middle of the laſt, uſe the epithet Sugar'd, whenever they would expreſs any thing uncommonly pleaſing: Since that time, the more elegant writers ſeldom admit of that adjective in a metaphorical ſenſe; but herein perhaps they are affectedly ſqueamiſh.

Ver. 29. Muſcovado,] The Cane-juice being brought to the conſiſtence of ſyrup, and by ſubſequent coction, granulated, is then called Muſcovado (a Spaniſh word probably, though not to be found in Pineda) vulgarly brown ſugar; the French term it "ſucre brut."

Ver. 34. wild red Cedar.] There are two ſpecies of Cedar commonly to be met with in the Weſt-Indies, the white and red, which differ from the cedars cultivated in the Bermudas: both are lofty, ſhady and of quick growth. The white ſucceeds in any ſoil,

Nor let his nectar, nor his ſilken pods,
The ſweet-ſmell'd caſſia, or vaſt ceiba ſave.
Yet ſpare the guava, yet the guaiac ſpare;
A wholeſome food the ripened guava yields,
Boaſt of the houſewife; while the guaiac grows
A ſovereign

ſoil, and produces a flour which, infuſed like tea, is uſeful againſt fiſh-poiſon. The red requires a better mould, and always emits a diſagreeable ſmell before rain. The wood of both are highly uſeful for many mechanical purpoſes, and but too little planted.

Ver. 34. Locuſt,] This is alſo a lofty tree. It is of quick growth and handſome, and produces a fruit not diſagreeable, in a flat pod or Legumen, about three inches long. It is a ſerviceable wood. In botanical books, I find three different names for the locuſt-tree; that meant here is "Siliqua edulis."

Ver. 36. or vaſt ceiba ſave.] Canoes have been ſcooped out of this tree, capable of holding upwards of a hundred people; and many hundreds, as authors relate, have been at once ſheltered by its ſhades. Its pods contain a very ſoft ſhort cotton, like ſilk: hence the Engliſh call the tree the Silk-cotton-tree; and the Spaniards name its cotton "Lana de Ceiba." It has been wrought into ſtockings; but its commoneſt uſe is to ſtuff pillows and mattraſſes. It might be made an article of commerce, as the tree grows without trouble, and is yearly covered with pods. An infuſion of the leaves is a gentle diaphoretic, and much recommended in the ſmall-pox. The botanical name of the ceiba is Bombax; and the French call it Fomager. There are two ſpecies; the ſtem of the one being prickly, and that of the other ſmooth.

Ver. 37. Yet ſpare the guava,] The Spaniards call this tree Guayava. It bears a fruit as large, and of much the ſame ſhape as a golden pippen. This is of three ſpecies, the yellow, the amazon, and the white; the laſt is moſt delicate, but the ſecond ſort the largeſt: all are equally wholeſome, when ſtewed or made into jelly, or marmalade. When raw, they are ſuppoſed to generate worms. Strangers do not always, at firſt, like their flavour, which is peculiarly ſtrong. This, however, goes off by uſe, and they become exceedingly agreeable. Acoſta ſays the Peruvian guavas ſurpaſs thoſe of any other part of America.

A ſovereign antidote, in wood, bark, gum,
To cauſe the lame his uſeleſs crutch forego,
And dry the ſources of corrupted love.
Nor let thy bright impatient flames deſtroy
The golden ſhaddoc, the forbidden fruit,
The white acajou, and rich ſabbaca:
For,

The bark of the tree is an aſtringent, and tanns leather as well as that of oak. The French call the tree Goyavier.

Ver. 37.— yet the guaiac ſpare;] The lignum-vitæ, or pock-wood-tree. The virtues of every part of this truly medical tree are too well known to be enumerated here. The hardneſs and incorruptibility of its timber make abundant amends for the great ſlowneſs of its growth, for of it are formed the beſt poſts for houſes againſt hurricanes, and it is no leſs uſefully employed in building wind-mills and cattle-mills.

Ver. 44. The golden ſhaddoc.] This is the largeſt and fineſt of orange. It is not a native of America, but was brought to the iſlands, from the Eaſt-Indies, by an Engliſhman, whoſe name it bears. It is of three kinds, the ſweet, the ſour, and the bitter; the juice of all of them is wholeſome, and the rind medical. In flavour and wholeſomeneſs, the ſweet ſhaddoc excels the other two, and indeed every other kind of orange, except the forbidden fruit, and it ſcarce yields to any known fruit in the four quarters of the world.

Ver. 45. ſabbaca:] This is the Indian name of the avocato, avocado, avigato, or, as the Engliſh corruptly call it, alligator-pear. The Spaniards in South-America name it Aguacate, and under that name it is deſcribed by Ulloa. However, in Peru and Mexico, it is better known by the appellation of Palta or Palto. It is a ſightly tree, of two ſpecies; the one bearing a green fruit, which is the moſt delicate, and the other a red, which is leſs eſteemed, and grows chiefly in Mexico. When ripe, the ſkin peels eaſily off, and diſcovers a butyraceous, or rather a marrowy like ſubſtance, with greeniſh veins interſperſed. Being eat with ſalt and pepper, or ſugar and lime-juice, it is not only agreeable, but highly nouriſhing; hence Sir Hans Sloane uſed to ſtyle it Vegetable marrow. The fruit is of the ſize and ſhape of the pear named Lady's-thighs, and contains a large ſtone, from whence the tree is propagated. Theſe trees bear fruit but once a year. Few

ſtrangers

For, where theſe trees their leafy banners raiſe
Aloft in air, a grey deep earth abounds,
Fat, light; yet, when it feels the wounding hoe,
Riſing in clods, which ripening ſuns and rain
Reſolve to crumbles, yet not pulverize:
In this the ſoul of vegetation wakes,
Pleas'd at the planter's call, to burſt on day.

THRICE happy he, to whom ſuch fields are given!
For him the Cane with little labour grows;
'Spite of the dog-ſtar, ſhoots long yellow joints;
Concocts rich juice, tho' deluges deſcend.
What if an after-offſpring it reject?
This land, for many a crop, will feed his mills;
Diſdain ſupplies, nor aſk from compoſt aid.

SUCH, green St. Chriſtopher, thy happy ſoil!--
Not Grecian Tempé, where Arcadian Pan,
Knit

ſtrangers care for it; but, by uſe, ſoon become fond of it. The juice of the kernel marks linen with a violet-colour. Its wood is ſoft and conſequently of little uſe. The French call it "Bois d' "aniſe," and the tree Avocat: the botanical name is Perſea.

Ver. 60. green St. Chriſtopher,] This beautiful and fertile iſland, and which, in Shakeſpear's words, may juſtly be ſtiled

A precious ſtone ſet in a ſilver ſea,

lies in ſeventeenth degree N. L. It was diſcovered by the great Chriſtopher Columbus, in his ſecond voyage, 1493, who was ſo pleaſed with its appearance, that he honoured it with his Chriſtian-name. Though others pretend, that appellation was given it from an imaginary reſemblance between a high mountain in its centre, now called Mount Miſery, to the fabulous legend of the Devil's carrying St. Chriſtopher on his ſhoulders. But, be

Knit with the Graces, tun'd his ſylvan pipe,
While mute Attention huſh'd each charmed rill;
Not

be this as it will, the Spaniards ſoon after ſettled it, and lived in tolerable harmony with the natives for many years; and, as their fleets commonly called in there to and from America for proviſion and water, the ſettlers, no doubt, reaped ſome advantage from their ſituation. By Templeman's Survey, it contains eighty ſquare miles, and is about ſeventy miles in circumference. It is of an irregular oblong figure, and has a chain of mountains, that run South and North almoſt from one end to the other, formerly covered with wood, but now the Cane-plantations reach nearly to their ſummits, and extend all the way, down their eaſy declining ſides, to the ſea. From theſe mountains ſome rivers take their riſe, which never dry up; and there are many others which, after rain, run into the ſea, but which, at other times, are loſt before they reach it. Hence, as this iſland conſiſts of mountain-land and valley, it muſt always make a midling crop; for when the low grounds fail, the up-lands ſupply that deficiency; and, when the mountain canes are lodged (or become watery from too much rain) thoſe in the plains yield ſurpriſingly. Nor are the plantations here only ſeaſonable, their Sugar ſells for more than the Sugar of any other of his Majeſty's iſlands; as their produce cannot be refined to the beſt advantage, without a mixture of St. Kitt's muſcovado. In the barren part of the iſland, which runs out towards Nevis, are ſeveral ponds, which in dry weather chryſtallize into good ſalt; and below Mount Miſery is a ſmall Solfaterre and collection of freſh water, where fugitive Negroes often take ſhelter, and eſcape their purſuers. Not far below is a large plain which affords good paſture, water, and wood; and, if the approaches thereto were fortified, which might be done at a moderate expence, it would be rendered inacceſſible. The Engliſh, repulſing the few natives and Spaniards, who oppoſed them, began to plant tobacco here A. D. 1623. Two years after, the French landed in St. Chriſtopher on the ſame day that the Engliſh-ſettlers received a conſiderable reinforcement from their mother-country; and the chiefs of both nations, being men of ſound policy, entered into an agreement to divide the iſland between them: The French retaining both extremities, and the Engliſh poſſeſſing themſelves of the middle parts of the iſland. Some time after both nations erected ſugar-works, but there were more tobacco, indigo, coffee, and cotton-plantations, than Sugar ones, as theſe require a much greater fund to carry them on, than thoſe other. All the planters, however, lived eaſy in their

circumſtances;

Not purple Enna, whoſe irriguous lap,
Strow'd with each fruit of taſte, each flower of ſmell,
Sicilian Proſerpine, delighted, ſought;
Can vie, bleſt Iſle, with thee.—Tho' no ſoft ſound
Of paſtoral ſtop thine echoes e'er awak'd;
Nor raptured poet, loſt in holy trance,
Thy Streams arreſted with enchanting ſong:
Yet virgins, far more beautiful than ſhe
Whom Pluto raviſh'd, and more chaſte, are thine:
Yet probity, from principle, not fear,

circumſtances; for, though the Spaniards, who could not bear to be ſpectators of their thriving condition, did repoſſeſs themſelves of the iſland, yet they were ſoon obliged to retire, and the colony ſucceeded better than ever. One reaſon for this was, that it had been agreed between the two nations, that they ſhould here remain neutral, whatever wars their mother-countries might wage againſt each other in Europe. This was a wiſe regulation for an infant ſettlement; but, when King James abdicated the Britiſh throne, the French ſuddenly roſe, and drove out the unprepared Engliſh by force of arms. The French coloniſts of St. Chriſtopher had ſoon reaſon, however, to repent their impolitic breach of faith; for the expelled planters, being aſſiſted by their countrymen from the neighbouring iſles, and ſupported by a formidable fleet, ſoon recovered, not only their loſt plantations, but obliged the French totally to abandon the iſland. After the treaty of Ryſwick, indeed, ſome few of thoſe among them, who had not obtained ſettlements in Martinico and Hiſpaniola, returned to St. Chriſtopher: But the war of the partition ſoon after breaking out, they were finally expelled, and the whole iſland was ceded in Sovereignty to the crown of Great-Britain, by the treaty of Utrecht. Since that time, St. Chriſtopher has gradually improved, and it is now at the heighth of perfection. The Indian name of St. Chriſtopher is Liamuiga, or the Fertile Iſland.

Ver. 71. yet virgins, far more beautiful] The inhabitants of St. Chriſtopher look whiter, are leſs ſallow, and enjoy finer complexions than any of the dwellers on the other iſlands. —Sloane.

Actuates

Actuates thy ſons, bold, hoſpitable, free:
Yet a fertility, unknown of old,
To other climes deny'd, adorns thy hills;
Thy vales, thy dells adorns.—O might my ſtrain
As far tranſcend the immortal ſongs of Greece,
As thou the partial ſubject of their praiſe!
Thy fame ſhould float familiar thro' the world;
Each plant ſhould own thy Cane her lawful lord;
Nor ſhould old Time, ſong ſtops the flight of Time,
Obſcure thy luſtre with his ſhadowy wing.

Scarce leſs impregnated, with every power
Of vegetation, is the red brick-mould,
That lies on marly beds.—The renter, this
Can ſcarce exhauſt; how happy for the heir!

Such the glad ſoil, from whence Jamaica's ſons
Derive their opulence: thrice fertile land,
"The pride, the glory of the ſea-girt iſles,
"Which, like to rich and various gems, inlay
"The unadorned boſom of the deep,"
Which firſt Columbus' daring keel explor'd.

Daughters of Heaven, with reverential awe,
Pauſe at that god-like name; for not your flights
Of happieſt fancy, can outſoar his fame.

Columbus, boaſt of ſcience, boaſt of man!
Yet, by the great, the learned, and the wiſe,
Long held a viſionary; who, like thee,

Could

Could brook their ſcorn; wait ſeven long years at court,
A ſelfiſh, ſullen, dilatory court;
Yet never from thy purpos'd plan decline?
No God, no Hero, of poetic times,
In Truth's fair annals, may compare with thee!
Each paſſion, weakneſs of mankind, thou knew'ſt,
Thine own concealing; firmeſt baſe of power:
Rich in expedients; what moſt adverſe ſeem'd,
And leaſt expected, moſt advanc'd thine aim.
What ſtorms, what monſters, what new forms of death,
In a vaſt ocean, never cut by keel.
And where the magnet firſt its aid declin'd;
Alone,

Ver. 111. and where the magnet] The declenſion of the needle was diſcovered, A. D. 1492, by Columbus, in his firſt voyage to America; and would have been highly alarming to any, but one of his undaunted and philoſophical turn of mind.

This century will always make a diſtinguiſhed figure in the hiſtory of the human mind; for, during that period, printing was invented, Greek-learning took refuge in Italy, the Reformation began, and America was diſcovered.

The iſland of Jamaica was beſtowed on Columbus, as ſome compenſation for his diſcovery of the new world; accordingly his ſon James ſettled, and planted it, early [A. D. 1509] the following century. What improvements the Spaniards made therein is no where mentioned; but, had their induſtry been equal to their opportunity, their improvements would have been conſiderable; for they continued in the undiſturbed poſſeſſion of it till the year 1596, when Sir Anthony Shirley, with a ſingle man of war, took and plundered St. Jago de la Vega, which then conſiſted of 2000 houſes. In the year 1635, St. Jago de la Vega was a ſecond time plundered by 500 Engliſh from the Leeward Iſlands, though that capital, and the fort, (which they alſo took) were defended by four times their number of Spaniards.

One

Alone, unterrified, didſt thou not view?
Wiſe Legiſlator, had the Iberian King
Thy plan adopted, murder had not drench'd
In blood vaſt kingdoms; nor had hell-born Zeal,
And hell-born Avarice, his arms diſgrac'd.
Yet, for a world, diſcover'd and ſubdu'd,
What meed had'ſt thou? With toil, diſeaſe, worn out,
Thine age was ſpent ſolliciting the Prince,
To whom thou gav'ſt the ſceptre of that world
Yet, bleſſed ſpirit, where inthron'd thou ſit'ſt,
Chief 'mid the friends of man, repine not thou:
Dear to the Nine, thy glory ſhall remain
While winged Commerce either ocean ploughs;
While its lov'd pole the magnet coyly ſhuns;
While weeps the guaiac, and while joints the Cane.

Shall the Muſe celebrate the dark deep mould,
With clay or gravel mix'd?—This ſoil the Cane,
With partial fondneſs, loves; and oft ſurveys
Its progeny with wonder.—Such rich veins

One and twenty years afterwards, the whole iſland was reduced by the forces ſent thither by Oliver Cromwell, and has ever ſince belonged to England. It is by far the largeſt iſland poſſeſſed by the Engliſh in the Weſt-Indies. Sir Thomas Modyford, a rich and eminent planter of Barbadoes, removed to Jamaica A. D. 1660, to the great advantage of that iſland, for he inſtructed the young Engliſh ſettlers to cultivate the Sugar-cane; for which, and other great improvements which he then made them acquainted with, King Charles, three years afterwards, appointed him Governor thereof, in which honourable employment he continued till the year 1699.

Are

Are plenteous ſcatter'd o'er the Sugar-iſles:
But chief that land, to which the bearded fig,

Ver. 132. the bearded Fig,] This wonderful tree, by the Indians called the "Bannion-tree;" and by the botaniſts "Ficus Indica," or "Bengalienſis," is exactly deſcribed by Q. Curtius, and beautifully by Milton in the following lines:

The Fig-tree, not that kind renown'd for fruit,
But ſuch as at this day to Indians known,
In Malabar and Decan ſpreads her arms;
Branching ſo broad and long, that in the ground,
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree, a pillar'd ſhade,
High over-arch'd, and echoing walks between,
There oft the Indian herdſman, ſhunning heat,
Shelters in cool, and tends his paſturing herds
At Loop-holes cut through thickeſt ſhade.——

What year the Spaniards firſt diſcovered Barbadoes is not certainly known; this however is certain, that they never ſettled there but only made uſe of it as a ſtock-iſland in their voyages from South-America, and the Iſlands; accordingly we are told, when the Engliſh firſt landed there, which was about the end of the ſixteenth or beginning of the ſeventeenth century, they found in it an excellent breed of wild hogs, but no inhabitants. In the year 1627, Barbadoes, with moſt of the other Caribbee-iſlands, were granted by Charles I. to the Earl of Carliſle, that nobleman agreeing to pay the Earl of Marlborough, and his heirs, a perpetual annuity of 300 l. per annum, for waving his claim to Barbadoes, which he had obtained, by patent, in the preceding reign. The adventurers, to whom that nobleman parcelled out this iſland, at firſt cultivated tobacco; but, that not turning out to their advantage, they applied, with better ſucceſs, to cotton, indigo, and ginger. At laſt, ſome cavaliers of good fortune tranſporting themſelves thither, and introducing the Sugar-cane [A. D. 1647] probably from Brazil, in ten years time the iſland was peopled with upwards of 30,000 Whites, and twice that number of Negroes, and ſent yearly very conſiderable quantities of ſugar to the mother-country. At the Reſtoration, King Charles II. bought off the claim of the Carliſle-family; and, in conſideration of its then becoming a royal inſtead of a proprietary government, the planters gave the Crown 4 and 1-2 per cent. on their ſugars; which duty ſtill continues, although the iſland is ſaid to be leſs able to pay it now than it was a hundred years ago. It is upwards of 20 miles long, and in ſome places almoſt 14 broad.

Prince of the foreſt, gave Barbadoes name;
Chief Nevis, juſtly, for its hot baths fam'd:
And breezy Mountſerrat, whoſe wonderous ſprings
Change, like Meduſa's head, whate'er they touch,
To ſtony hardneſs; boaſt this fertile glebe.

Ver. 134. Chief Nevis,] This iſland which does not contain many fewer ſquare miles than St. Chriſtopher, is more rocky, and almoſt of a circular figure. It is ſeparated from that iſland by a channel not above one mile and an half over, and lies to windward. Its warm bath poſſeſſes all the medical properties of the hot well at Briſtol, and its water, being properly bottled, keeps as well at ſea, and is no leſs agreeable to the palate. It was for many years the capital of the Leeward Iſland government; and, at that period, contained both more Whites and Blacks than it does at preſent, often muſtering 3000 men. The Engliſh firſt ſettled there A. D. 1628. Sixty-two years afterwards, the chief town was almoſt wholly deſtroyed by an earthquake; and, 1706, the planters were well-nigh ruined by the French, who carried off their ſlaves contrary to capitulation. It muſt have been diſcovered in Columbus's ſecond voyage, A. D. 1493.

Ver. 135. And breezy Mountſerrat,] This iſland, which lies about 30 miles to the ſouth-weſt of Antigua, is not leſs famous for ſolfaterre (or volcano), and hot petrifying ſpring, than for the goodneſs of its ſugars. Being almoſt circular in its ſhape, it cannot contain much leſs land than either Nevis or St. Chriſtopher. It is naturally ſtrong, ſo that when the French made deſcents thereon, in K. William's and Q. Anne's time, they were always repulſed with conſiderable loſs. It was ſettled by that great adventurer Sir Thomas Warner, A. D. 1632, who ſent thither ſome of his people from St. Chriſtopher, for that purpoſe. In the beginning of the reign of Charles II. the French took it, but it was reſtored, A. D. 1667, by the treaty of Breda. In this iſland, the Roman-catholics, who behaved well when our enemies attempted to conquer it, have many privileges, and of courſe are more numerous there, than in any other of the Engliſh Carribbee Iſlands. Its capital is called Plymouth. Columbus diſcovered it in his ſecond voyage.

THO'

Tho' ſuch the ſoils the Antillean Cane
Supremely loves; yet other ſoils abound,
Which art may tutor to obtain its ſmile.
Say, ſhall the experienc'd Muſe that art recite?
How ſand will fertilize ſtiff barren clay?
How clay unites the light, the porous mould,
Sport of each breeze? And how the torpid nymph
Of the rank pool, ſo noiſome to the ſmell,
May be ſolicited, by wily ways,
To draw her humid train, and, prattling, run
Down the reviving ſlopes? Or ſhall ſhe ſay
What glebes ungrateful to each other art,
Their genial treaſures ope to fire alone?
Record the different compoſts; which the cold
To plaſtic gladneſs warm? The torrid, which
By ſoothing coolneſs win? The ſharp ſaline,
Which beſt ſubdue? Which mollify the ſour?

To thee, if Fate low level land aſſign,
Slightly cohering, and of ſable hue,
Far from the hill; be parſimony thine.
For tho' this year when conſtant ſhowers deſcend;
The ſpeeding gale, thy ſturdy numerous ſtock,
Scarcely ſuffice to grind thy mighty Canes:
Yet thou, with rueful eye, for many a year,
Shalt view thy plants burnt by the torch of day;
Hear their parch'd wan blades ruſtle in the air;
While their black ſugars, doughy to the feel,
Will not ev'n pay the labour of thy ſwains.

Or, if the mountain be thy happier lot,
Let prudent foreſight ſtill thy coffers guard.

For tho' the clouds relent in nightly rain,
Tho' thy rank Canes wave lofty in the gale:
Yet will the arrow, ornament of woe,
(Such monarchs oft-times give) their jointing ſtint;
Yet will winds lodge them, ravening rats deſtroy,
Or troops of monkeys thy rich harveſt ſteal.
The earth muſt alſo wheel around the ſun,
And half perform that circuit; ere the bill
Mow down thy ſugars: and tho' all thy mills,
Crackling, o'erflow with a redundant juice;
Poor taſtes the liquor; coction long demands,
And higheſt temper, ere it ſaccharize;
A meagre produce. Such is Virtue's meed,
Alas, too oft in theſe degenerate days.
Thy cattle likewiſe, as they drag the wain,
Charg'd from the beach; in ſpite of whips and ſhouts,
Will ſtop, will pant, will ſink beneath the load;
A better fate deſerving.——
Beſides, thy land itſelf is inſecure:

Ver. 170. Yet will the arrow,] That part of the Cane which ſhoots up into fructification, is called by the planters its Arrow, having been probably uſed for that purpoſe by the Indians Till the arrow drops, all additional jointing in the Cane is ſuppoſed to be ſtopped.

Ver. 179. And higheſt temper,] Shell, or rather marble quick-lime, is ſo called by the planters: Without this, the juice of the Cane cannot be concreted into ſugar, at leaſt to advantage. See Book III. With quick-line the French join aſhes as a temper, and this mixture they call Enyvrage. It is hoped the Reader will pardon the introduction of the verb Saccharize, as no other ſo emphatically expreſſed the Author's meaning; for ſome chemiſts define ſugar to be a native ſalt, and others a ſoap.

For

For oft the glebe, and all its waving load,
Will journey, forc'd off by the mining rain;
And, with its faithleſs burthen, diſarrange
Thy neighbour's vale. So Markley-hill of old,
As ſung thy bard, Pomona, (in theſe iſles
Yet unador'd;) with all its ſpreading trees,
Full fraught with apples, chang'd its lofty ſite.

But, as in life, the golden mean is beſt;
So happieſt he whoſe green plantation lies
Nor from the hill too far, nor from the ſhore.

Planter, if thou with wonder wouldſt ſurvey
Redundant harveſts load thy willing ſoil;
Let ſun and rain mature thy deep-hoed land,
And old fat dung co-operate with theſe.
Be this great truth ſtill preſent to thy mind;
The half well-cultur'd far exceeds the whole,
Which luſt of gain, unconſcious of its end,
Ungrateful vexes with unceaſing toil.

As, not indulg'd, the richeſt lands grow poor;
And Liamuiga may, in future times,
If too much urg'd, her barrenneſs bewail:
So cultivation, on the ſhalloweſt ſoil,
O'erſpread with rocky cliffs, will bid the Cane,
With ſpiry pomp, all-bountifully riſe.
Thus Britain's flag, ſhould diſcipline relent,

Ver. 206. And Liamuiga] The Caribbean name of St. Chriſtopher.

'Spite of the native courage of her ſons,
Would to the lily ſtrike: ah, very far,
Far be that woeful day: the lily then
Will rule wide ocean with reſiſtleſs ſway;
And to old Gallia's haughty ſhore tranſport
The leſſening crops of theſe delicious iſles.

Of compoſts ſhall the Muſe deſcend to ſing,
Nor ſoil her heavenly plumes? The ſacred Muſe
Nought ſordid deems, but what is baſe; nought fair
Unleſs true Virtue ſtamp it with her ſeal.
Then, Planter, wouldſt thou double thine eſtate;
Never, ah never, be aſham'd to tread
Thy dung-heaps, where the refuſe of thy mills,
With all the aſhes, all thy coppers yield,
With weeds, mould, dung, and ſtale, a compoſt form,
Of force to fertilize the pooreſt ſoil.

But, planter, if thy lands lie far remote
And of acceſs are difficult; on theſe,
Leave the Cane's ſapleſs foilage; and with pens
Wattled, (like thoſe the Muſe hath oft-times ſeen
When frolic fancy led her youthful ſteps,
In green Dorcheſtria's plains), the whole incloſe:
There well thy ſtock with provender ſupply;
The well-fed ſtock will ſoon that food repay.

Some of the ſkilful teach, and ſome deny,
That yams improve the ſoil. In meagre lands,
'Tis known the yam will ne'er to bigneſs ſwell;
And from each mould the vegetable tribes,
However frugal, nutriment derive:
Yet may their ſheltering vines, their dropping leaves,
Their roots dividing the tenacious glebe,
More than refund the ſuſtenance they draw.

Whether the fattening compoſt, in each hole,
'Tis beſt to throw; or, on the ſurface ſpread;
Is undetermin'd: Trials muſt decide.
Unleſs kind rains and foſtering dews deſcend,
To melt the compoſt's fertilizing ſalts;
A ſtinted plant, deceitful of thy hopes,
Will from thoſe beds ſlow ſpring where hot dung lies:
But, if 'tis ſcatter'd generouſly o'er all,
The Cane will better bear the ſolar blaze;
Leſs rain demand; and, by repeated crops,
Thy land improv'd, its gratitude will ſhow.

Ver. 237. That yams improve the ſoil.] The botanical name of this plant is Dioſcoria. Its leaves, like thoſe of the water-melon, or gourd, ſoon mantle over the ground where it is planted. It takes about eight months to come to perfection, and then is a wholeſome root, either boiled or roaſted. They will ſometimes weigh one and a half, or two pounds, but their common ſize is from ſix ounces to nine. They cannot be kept good above half a year. They are a native of South-America, the Weſt-Indies, and of moſt parts of Guinea.

Enough of compoſts, Muſe, of ſoils, enough:
When beſt to dig, and when inhume the Cane;
A taſk how arduous! next demands thy ſong.

It not imports beneath what ſign thy hoes
The deep trough ſink, and ridge alternate raiſe:
If this from waſhes guard thy gemmy tops;
And that arreſt the moiſture theſe require.

Yet, ſhould the ſite of thine eſtate permit,
Let the trade-wind thy ridges ventilate;
So ſhall a greener, loftier Cane ariſe,
And richeſt nectar in thy coppers foam.

As art transforms the ſavage face of things,
And order captivates the harmonious mind;
Let not thy Blacks irregularly hoe:
But, aided by the line, conſult the ſite
Of thy demeſnes; and beautify the whole.
So when a monarch ruſhes to the war,
To drive invaſion from his frighted realm;
Some delegated chief the frontier views,
And to each ſquadron, and brigade, aſſigns

' Ver. 260. gemmy tops;] The ſummit of the Cane being ſmaller-jointed as well as ſofter, and conſequently having more gems, from whence the young ſprouts ſhoot, is properer for planting than any other part of it. From one to four junks, each about a foot long, are put in every hole. Where too many junks are planted in one hole, the Canes may be numerous, but can neither become vigorous, nor yield ſuch a quantity of rich liquor as they otherwiſe would. In caſe the young ſhoots do not appear above ground in four or five weeks, the deficiencies muſt be ſupplied with new tops.

Their

Their order'd ſtation: Soon the tented field
Brigade and ſquadron, whiten on the ſight;
And fill ſpectators with an aweful joy.

PLANTER, improvement is the child of time;
What your ſires knew not, ye their offſpring know:
But hath your art receiv'd Perfection's ſtamp?
Thou can'ſt not ſay.—Unprejudic'd, then learn
Of ancient modes to doubt, and new to try:
And if Philoſophy, with Wiſdom, deign
Thee to enlighten with their uſeful lore;
Fair Fame and riches will reward thy toil.

THEN ſay, ye ſwains, whom wealth and fame inſpire,
Might not the plough, that rolls on rapid wheels,
Save no ſmall labour to the hoe-arm'd gang?
Might not the culture taught the Britiſh hinds,
By Ceres' ſon, unfailing crops ſecure;
Tho' neither dung nor fallowing lent their aid?

THE cultur'd land recals the devious Muſe;
Propitious to the planter be the call:
For much, my friend, it thee imports to know
The meeteſt ſeaſon to commit thy tops,
With beſt advantage to the well-dug mould.
The taſk how difficult, to cull the beſt
From thwarting ſentiments; and beſt adorn

Ver. 290. By Ceres' ſon,] Jethro Tull, Eſq; the greateſt improver in modern huſbandry.

What

What Wiſdom chuſes, in poetic garb!
Yet, Inſpiration, come: the theme unſung,
Whence never poet crop'd one bloomy wreath;
Its vaſt importance to my native land,
Whoſe ſweet idea ruſhes on my mind,
And makes me 'mid this paradiſe repine:
Urge me to pluck, from Fancy's ſoaring wing,
A plume to deck experience' hoary brow.

Attend. — The ſon of Time and Truth declares;
Unleſs the low-hung clouds drop fatneſs down,
No bunching plants of vivid green will ſpring,
In goodly ranks, to fill the planter's eye.
Let then Sagacity, with curious ken,
Remark the various ſigns of future rain.
The ſigns of rain, the Mantuan Bard hath ſung
In loftieſt numbers; friendly to thy ſwains,
Once fertile Italy: but other marks
Portend th' approaching ſhower, in theſe hot climes.

Short ſudden rains, from Ocean's ruffled bed,
Driven by ſome momentary ſqualls, will oft
With frequent heavy bubbling drops, down-fall;
While yet the Sun, in cloudleſs luſtre ſhines:
And draw their humid train o'er half the iſle.
Unhappy he! who journeys then from home,
No ſhade to ſcreen him. His untimely fate
His wife, his babes, his friends, will ſoon deplore;
Unleſs hot wines, dry cloaths and friction's aid,
His fleeting ſpirits ſtay. Yet not even theſe,

Nor

Nor all Apollo's arts, will always bribe
The inſidious tyrant death, thrice tyrant here:
Elſe good Amyntor, him the graces lov'd,
Wiſdom careſs'd, and Themis call'd her own,
Had liv'd by all admir'd, had now perus'd
" Theſe lines, with all the malice of a friend."

YET future rains the careful may foretel:
Moſquitos, ſand-flies, ſeek the ſhelter'd roof,
And with fell rage the ſtranger-gueſt aſſail,
Nor ſpare the ſportive child; from their retreats

Ver. 334. Moſquitos.] This is a Spaniſh word, ſignifying a Gnat, or Fly. They are very troubleſome, eſpecially to ſtrangers, whom they bite unmercifully, cauſing a yellow-coloured tumour attended with exceſſive itching. Ugly ulcers have often been occaſioned by ſcratching thoſe ſwellings, in perſons of a bad habit of body. Though natives of the Weſt-Indies, they are not leſs common in the coldeſt regions: for Mr. Maupertuis takes notice how troubleſome they were to him and his attendants on the ſnowy ſummit of certain mountains within the arctic circle. They, however, chiefly love ſhady, moiſt, and warm places. Accordingly they are commoneſt to be met with in the corners of rooms, towards evening, and before rain. They are ſo light, as not to be felt when they pitch on the ſkin; and, as ſoon as they have darted in their proboſcis, fly off, ſo that the firſt intimation one has of being bit by them, is the itching tumour. Warm lime-juice is its remedy. The Moſquito makes a humming noiſe, eſpecially in the night-time.

Ver. 334. ſand-flies.] This inſect the Spaniards call Moſquitilla, being much ſmaller than the Moſquito. Its bite is like a ſpark of fire, falling on the ſkin, which it raiſes into a ſmall tumour accompanied with itching. But if the ſandy-fly cauſes a ſharper and more ſudden pain than the Moſquito, yet it is a more honourable enemy, for remaining upon the ſkin after the puncture, it may eaſily be killed. Its colour is grey and black, ſtriped. Lemon-juice or firſt runnings cure its bite.

Cockroaches crawl diſpleaſingly abroad:
Theſe, without pity, let thy ſlaves deſtroy;
(Like Harpies, they defile whate'er they touch
While thoſe, the ſmother of combuſtion quells.
The ſpeckled lizard to its hole retreats,
And black crabs travel from the mountain down;
They

Ver. 337. Cockroaches crawl] This is a large ſpecies of the chafer, or Scaribæus, and is a moſt diſagreeable as well as deſtructive inſect. There is ſcarce any thing which it will not devour, and where-ever it has remained for any time, it leaves a nauſeous ſmell behind it. Though better than an inch long, their thickneſs is no ways correſpondent, ſo that they can inſinuate themſelves almoſt through any creviſe, &c. into cabinets, drawers, &c. The ſmell of cedar is ſaid to frighten them away, but this is a popular miſtake, for I have often killed them in preſſes of that wood. There is a ſpecies of Cockroach, which, on account of a beating noiſe it makes, more eſpecially in the night, is called the Drummer. Though larger, it is neither of ſo burniſhed a colour, nor ſo quick in its motion as the common ſort, than which it is alſo leſs frequent, and not ſo pernicious; yet both nibble peoples toe-ends, eſpecially if not well waſhed, and have ſometimes occaſioned uneaſy ſores there. They are natives of a warm climate. The French call them Ravets.

Ver. 341. the ſpeckled lizard] This is meant of the ground-lizard, and not of the tree-lizard, which is of a fine green colour. There are many kinds of ground-lizards, which, as they are common in the hot parts of Europe, I ſhall not deſcribe. All of them are perfectly innocent. The Caribbeans uſed to eat them; they are not inferior to ſnakes as a medicated food. Snuff forced into their mouth ſoon convulſes them. They change colour, and become torpid; but, in a few hours, recover. The guana, or rather Iguana, is the largeſt ſort of lizard. This, when irritated, will fly at one. It lives moſtly upon fruit. It has a ſaw-like appearance, which ranges from its head all along its back, to its tail. The fleſh of it is eſteemed a great delicacy. The firſt writers on the Lues Venerea, forbid its uſe, to thoſe who labour under that diſeaſe. It is a very ugly animal. In ſome parts of South-America, the alligator is called Iguana.

Ver. 341. And black crabs] Black land-crabs are excellent eating; but as they ſometimes will occaſion a moſt violent Cho-

ler

Thy ducks their feathers prune; thy doves return,
In faithful flocks, and, on the neighbouring roof,
Perch frequent; where, with pleas'd attention, they
Behold the deepening congregated clouds,
With ſadneſs, blot the azure vault of Heaven.

Now, while the ſhower depends, and rattle loud
Your doors and windows, haſte, ye houſewives, place
Your ſpouts and pails; ye negroes, ſeek the ſhade,
Save thoſe who open with the ready hoe
The enriching water-courſe: for, ſee, the drops,
Which fell with ſlight aſperſion, now deſcend
In ſtreams continuous on the laughing land.
The coyeſt Naïads quit their rocky caves,
And, with delight, run brawling to the main;
While thoſe, who love ſtill viſible to glad
The thirſty plains from never-ceaſing urns,
Aſſume more awful majeſty, and pour,
With force reſiſtleſs, down the channel'd rocks.
The rocks, or ſplit or hurried from their baſe,

lera morbus, (owing, ſay planters, to their feeding on the mahoe-berry) they ſhould never be dreſſed till they have fed for ſome weeks in a crab-houſe, after being caught by the Negroes. When they moult, they are moſt delicate; and then, it is believed, never poiſon. This however is certain, that at that time they have no gall, but, in its ſtead, the petrifaction called a Crab's-eye is found. As I have frequently obſerved their great claws (with which they ſeverely bite the unwary) of very unequal ſizes, it is probable, theſe regenerate when broke off by accident, or otherwiſe.

With trees, are whirl'd impetuous to the ſea:
Fluctuates the foreſt; the torn mountains roar:
The main itſelf recoils for many a league,
While its green face is chang'd to ſordid brown.
A grateful freſhneſs every ſenſe pervades;
While beats the heart with unaccuſtom'd joy:
Her ſtores fugacious Memory now recals;
And Fancy prunes her wings for loftieſt flights.
The mute creation ſhare the enlivening hour;
Bounds the briſk kid, and wanton plays the lamb.
The drooping plants revive; ten thouſand blooms,
Which, with their fragrant ſcents, perfume the air,
Burſt into being; while the Canes put on
Glad Nature's livelieſt robe, the vivid green.

But chief, let fix'd Attention caſt his eye
On the capt mountain, whoſe high rocky verge
The wild fig canopies, (vaſt woodland king,
Beneath thy branching ſhade a banner'd hoſt
May lie in ambuſh!) and whoſe ſhaggy ſides,
Trees ſhade, of endleſs green, enormous ſize,
Wond'rous in ſhape, to botany unknown,
Old as the deluge. — There, in ſecret haunts,
The watery ſpirits ope their liquid court;
There, with the wood-nymphs, link'd in feſtal band,
(Soft airs and Phœbus wing them to their arms)
Hold amorous dalliance. Ah, may none profane,
With fire, or ſteel, their myſtic privacy:
For there their fluent offſpring firſt ſee day,
Coy infants ſporting; ſilver-footed dew

To bathe by night thy ſprouts in genial balm;
The green-ſtol'd Naiad of the tinkling rill,
Whoſe brow the fern-tree ſhades; the power of rain
To glad the thirſty ſoil on which, arrang'd,
The gemmy ſummits of the Cane await
Thy Negroe-train, (in linen lightly wrapt,)
Who now that painted Iris girds the ſky.
(Aerial arch, which fancy loves to ſtride!)
Diſperſe, all-jocund, o'er the long-hoed land.

The bundles ſome untie; the withered leaves,
Others ſtrip artful off, and careful lay,
Twice one junk, diſtant in the ampleſt bed:
O'er theſe, with haſty hoe, ſome lightly ſpread
The mounded interval; and ſmooth the trench:
Well-pleas'd, the maſter-ſwain reviews their toil;
And rolls, in fancy, many a full-fraught caſk.
So, when the ſhield was forg'd for Peleus' ſon;
The ſwarthy Cyclops ſhar'd the important taſk:
With bellows, ſome reviv'd the ſeeds of fire;
Some, gold, and braſs, and ſteel together fus'd
In the vaſt furnace; while a choſen few,

Ver. 393. Whoſe brow the fern-tree] This only grows in mountainous ſituations. Its ſtem ſhoots up to a conſiderable height, but it does not divide into branches, till near the ſummit, where it ſhoots out horizontally, like an umbrella, into leaves, which reſemble thoſe of the common fern. I know of no medical uſes, whereto this ſingularly beautiful tree has been applied, and indeed its wood, being ſpongy, is ſeldom uſed to œconomical purpoſes. It, however, ſerves well enough for building mountain-huts, and temporary fences for cattle.

In equal meaſures lifting their bare arms,
Inform the maſs; and hiſſing in the wave,
Temper the glowing orb: their fire beholds,
Amaz'd, the wonders of his fuſile art.

While Procyon reigns yet fervid in the ſky;
While yet the fiery Sun in Leo rides;
And the Sun's child, the mail'd anana, yields
His regal apple to the raviſh'd taſte;
And thou green avocato, charm of ſenſe,
Thy ripened marrow liberally beſtow'ſt;
Begin the diſtant mountain-land to plant:
So ſhall thy Canes defy November's cold,
Ungenial to the upland young; ſo beſt,
Unſtinted by the arrow's deadening power,
Long yellow joints ſhall flow with generous juice.

But, till the lemon, orange, and the lime,
Amid their verdant umbrage, countleſs glow
With fragrant fruit of vegetable gold;
'Till yellow plantanes bend the unſtain'd bough
With crooked cluſters, prodigally full;
'Till Capricorn command the cloudy ſky;
And moſt Aquarius melt in daily ſhowers,
Friend to the Cane-iſles; truſt not thou thy tops,

Ver. 418. the mail'd anana,] This is the pine-apple, and needs no deſcription; the cherimoya, a South-American fruit, is by all, who have taſted both, allowed to ſurpaſs the pine, and is even ſaid to be more wholeſome. The botanical name of the pine-apple is Bromelia. Of the wild pine-apple, or Ananas bravo, hedges are made in South-America. It produces an inferior ſort of fruit.

Thy

Thy future riches, to the low-land plain:
And if kind Heaven, in pity to thy prayers,
Shed genial influence; as the earth revolves
Her annual circuit, thy rich ripened Canes
Shall load thy waggons, mules, and Negroe-train.

But chief thee, Planter, it imports to mark
(Whether thou breathe the mountain's humid air,
Or pant with heat continual on the plain;)
What months relent, and which from rain are free.

In different iſlands of the ocean-ſtream,
Even in the different parts of the ſame iſle,
The ſeaſons vary; yet attention ſoon
Will give thee each variety to know.
This once obſerv'd; at ſuch a time inhume
Thy plants, that, when they joint, (important age,
Like youth juſt ſtepping into life) the clouds
May conſtantly bedew them: ſo ſhall they
Avoid thoſe ails, which elſe their manhood kill.

Six times the changeful moon muſt blunt her horns.
And fill with borrowed light her ſilvery urn;
Ere thy tops, truſted to the mountain-land,
Commence their jointing: but four moons ſuffice
To bring to puberty the low-land Cane.

In plants, in beaſts, in man's imperial race,
An alien mixture meliorates the breed;
Hence Canes, that ſickened dwarfiſh on the plain,
Will ſhoot with giant-vigour on the hill.

Thus all depends on all; ſo God ordains.
Then let not man, for little ſelfiſh ends,
(Britain, remember this important truth;)
Preſume the principle to counteract
Of univerſal love; for God is love,
And wide creation ſhares alike his care.

'Tis ſaid by ſome, and not unletter'd they,
That chief the Planter, if he wealth deſire,
Should note the phaſes of the fickle moon.
On thee, ſweet empreſs of the night, depend
The tides; ſtern Neptune pays his court to thee;
The winds, obedient at thy bidding ſhift,
And tempeſts riſe or fall; even lordly man,
Thine energy controls. — Not ſo the Cane;
The Cane its independency may boaſt,
Tho' ſome leſs noble plants thine influence own.

Of mountain-lands œconomy permits
A third, in Canes of mighty growth to riſe:
But, in the low-land plain, the half will yield
Tho' not ſo lofty, yet a richer Cane,
For many a crop; if ſeaſons glad the ſoil.

While rolls the Sun from Aries to the Bull,
And till the Virgin his hot beams inflame;
The Cane, with richeſt, moſt redundant juice,
Thy ſpacious coppers fills. Then manage ſo,
By planting in ſucceſſion; that thy crops

Ver. 472. if ſeaſons glad the ſoil.] Long-continued and violent rains are called Seaſons, in the Weſt-Indies.

The

The wondering daughters of the main may waft
To Britain's ſhore, ere Libra weigh the year:
So ſhall thy merchant cheerful credit grant,
And well-earn'd opulence thy cares repay.

THY fields thus planted; to ſecure the Canes
From the goat's baneful tooth; the churning boar;
From thieves; from fire, or caſual or deſign'd;
Unfailing herbage to thy toiling herds
Would'ſt thou afford; and the ſpectators charm
With beauteous proſpects: let the frequent hedge
Thy green plantation, regular, divide.

WITH limes, with lemons, let thy fences glow,
Grateful to ſenſe; now children of this clime:
And here and there let oranges erect
Their ſhapely beauties, and perfume the ſky.
Nor leſs delightful blooms the logwood-hedge,
Whoſe wood to coction yields a precious balm,
Specific in the flux: Endemial ail,
Much cauſe have I to weep thy fatal ſway.—

Ver. 500. now children of this clime:] It is ſuppoſed that oranges, lemons, and limes, were introduced into America by the Spaniards; but I am more inclined to believe they are natural to the climate. The Spaniards themſelves probably had the two firſt from the Saracens, for the Spaniſh noun Naranja, whence the Engliſh word Orange, is plainly Arabic.

Ver. 503. the logwood-hedge,] Linnæus's name for this uſeful tree is Hæmotoxylon, but it is better known to phyſicians by that of "Lignum campechenſe." Its virtues, as a medicine, and properties as an ingredient in dying, need not to be enumerated in this place. It makes a no leſs ſtrong than beautiful hedge in the Weſt-Indies, where it riſes to a conſiderable height.

But

But God is juſt, and man muſt not repine.
Nor ſhall the ricinus unnoted paſs;
Yet, if the cholic's deathful pangs thou dread'ſt,
Taſte not its luſcious nut. The acaſſee,
With which the ſons of Jewry, ſtiff-neck'd race,
Conjecture ſays, our God-Meſſiah crown'd;
Soon ſhoots a thick impenetrable fence,
Whoſe ſcent perfumes the night and morning ſky,

Ver. 508. Nor ſhall the ricinus] This ſhrub is commonly called the phyſic-nut. It is generally divided into three kinds, the common, the French, and the Spaniſh, which differ from each other in their leaves and flowers, if not in their fruit or ſeeds. The plant from which the caſtor-oil is extracted is alſo called Ricinus, though it has no reſemblance to any of the former, in leaves, flowers, or ſeeds. In one particular they all agree, viz. in their yielding to coction or expreſſion a purgative or emetic oil. The Spaniards name theſe nuts, "Avellanas purgativas;" hence Ray terms them "Avellanæ "purgatrices noviorbis." By roaſting they are ſuppoſed to loſe part of their virulency, which is wholly deſtroyed, ſay ſome people, by taking out a leaf-like ſubſtance that is to be found between the lobeor. The nuts exceeds a walnut, or even an almond, in ſweetneſs, and yet three or four of them will operate briſkly both up and down. The French call this uſeful ſhrub Medecinier. That ſpecies of it which bears red coral-like flowers is named Bellyach by the Barbadians; and its ripe ſeeds are ſuppoſed to be ſpecific againſt melancholy.

Ver. 510. the acaſſee,] Acacia. This is a ſpecies of thorn; the juice of the root is ſuppoſed to be poiſonous. Its ſeeds are contained in a pod or Ligumen. It is of the claſs of the Syngeneſia. No aſtringent juice is extracted from it. Its trivial name is Caſhaw. Tournefort deſcribes it in his voyage to the Levant. Some call it the Holy Thorn, and others Sweet Brier. The half-ripe pod affords a ſtrong cement; and the main ſtem, being wounded, produces a tranſparent gum, like the Arabic, to which tree this bears a ſtrong reſemblance.

Tho'

Tho' baneful be its root. The privet too,
Whoſe white flowers rival the firſt drifts of ſnow
On Grampia's piny hills; (O might the muſe
Tread, fluſh'd with health, the Grampian hills again!)
Emblem of innocence ſhall grace my ſong.
Boaſt of the ſhrubby tribe, carnation fair,
Nor thou repine, tho' late the muſe record
Thy bloomy honours. Tipt with burniſh'd gold,
And with imperial purple creſted high,
More gorgeous than the train of Juno's bird,
Thy bloomy honours oft the curious muſe
Hath ſeen tranſported: ſeen the humming bird,
Whoſe

Ver. 515. the privet] Liguſtrum. This ſhrub is ſufficiently known. Its leaves and flowers make a good gargle in the aphthæ, and ulcered throat.

Ver. 522. carnation fair,] This is indeed a moſt beautiful flowering ſhrub. It is a native of the Weſt-Indies, and called, from a French Governor, named Depoinci, Poinciana. If permitted, it will grow twenty feet high; but, in order to make it a good fence, it ſhould be kept low. It is always in bloſſom. Though not purgative, it is of the ſenna-kind. Its leaves and flowers are ſtomachic, carminative, and emmenagogue. Some authors name it "Cauda pavonis," on account of its inimitable beauty: the flowers have a phyſicky ſmell. How it came to be called Doodle-doo I know not; the Barbadians more properly term it "Flower Fence." This plant grows alſo in Guinea.

Ver. 526. ſeen the humming bird,] The humming bird is called Picaflore by the Spaniards, on account of its hovering over flowers, and ſucking their juices, without lacerating, or even ſo much as diſcompoſing their petals. Its Indian name, ſays Ulloa, is Guinde, though it is alſo known by the appellation of Rabilargo and Lizongero. By the Caribbeans it is called Collobree. It is common in all the warm parts of America. There are various ſpecies of them, all exceeding ſmall, beautiful and

Whoſe burniſh'd neck bright glows with verdant gold;
Leaſt of the winged vagrants of the ſky,
Yet dauntleſs as the ſtrong-pounc'd bird of Jove;
With fluttering vehemence attack thy cups,
To rob them of their nectar's luſcious ſtore.

But if with ſtones thy meagre lands are ſpread;
Be theſe collected, they will pay the toil:
And let Vitruvius, aided by the line,
Fence thy plantations with a thick-built wall.
On this lay cuttings of the prickly pear;
They ſoon a formidable fence will ſhoot:

and bold. The creſted one, though not ſo frequent, is yet more beautiful than the others. It is chiefly to be found in the woody parts of the mountains. Edwards has deſcribed a very beautiful humming bird, with a long tail, which is a native of Surinam, but which I never ſaw in theſe iſlands. They are eaſily caught in rainy weather.

Ver. 536 prickly pear;] The botanical name of this plant is Opuntia; it will grow in the barreneſt ſoils, and on the tops of walls, if a ſmall portion of earth be added. There are two ſorts of it, one whoſe fruit is roundiſh and ſweet, the other, which has more the ſhape of a fig, is ſour. The former is ſometimes eaten, but the other ſeldom. The French call them "Pomme de Raquette." Both fruit and leaves, are guarded with ſharp prickles, and, even in the interior part of the fruit, there is one which muſt be removed before it is eaten. The leaves, which are half an inch thick, having a ſort of pulp interpoſed between their ſurfaces, being deprived of their ſpines, and ſoftened by the fire, make no bad poultice for inflammations. The juice of the fruit is an innocent Fucus, and is often uſed to tinge guava jellies. The opuntia, upon which the cochineal inſect breeds, has no ſpines, and is cultivated with care in South-America, where a ſpecies of it alſo grows wild. The prickly pear makes a ſtrong fence, and is eaſily trimmed with a ſcymitar. It grows naturally in ſome parts of Spain.

Wild liquorice here its red beads loves to hang,
Whilſt ſcandent bloſſoms, yellow, purple, blue,
Unhurt, wind round its ſhield-like leaf and ſpears.
Nor is its fruit inelegant of taſte,
Tho' more its colour charms the raviſh'd eye;
Vermeil, as youthful beauty's roſeat hue!
As thine, fair Chriſtobelle: ah, when will fate,
That long hath ſcowl'd relentleſs on the bard,
Give him ſome ſmall plantation to encloſe,
Which he may call his own? Not wealth he craves,
But independence: yet if thou, ſweet maid,
In health and virtue bloom; tho' worſe betide,
Thy ſmile will ſmooth adverſity's rough brow.

In Italy's green bounds, the myrtle ſhoots
A fragrant fence, and bloſſoms in the ſun.
Here, on the rockieſt verge of theſe bleſs'd iſles,
With little care, the plant of love would grow.
Then to the citron join the plant of love,
And with their ſcent and ſhade enrich your iſles.

Ver. 538. Wild liquorice] This is a ſcandont plant, from which the Negroes gather what they call Jaumbee Beeds. Theſe are about the ſize of pigeon-peas, almoſt round, of a red colour, with a black ſpeck on one extremity. They act as an emetic, but, being violent in their operation, great caution ſhould be obſerved in uſing them. The leaves make a good pectoral drink in diſorders of the breaſt. By the French it is named "Petit Panacoco," to diſtinguiſh it from a large tree, which bears ſeeds of the ſame colours, only much bigger. This tree is a ſpecies of black ebony.

Yet ſome pretend, and not unſpecious they,
The wood-nymphs foſter the contagious blaſt.
Foes to the Dryads, they remorſeleſs fell
Each ſhrub of ſhade, each tree of ſpreading root,
That woo the firſt glad fannings of the breeze.
Far from the muſe be ſuch inhuman thoughts;
Far better recks ſhe of the woodland tribes,
Earth's eldeſt birth, and earth's beſt ornament.
Aſk him, whom rude neceſſity compels
To dare the noontide fervour, in this clime,
Ah, moſt intenſely hot; how much he longs
For cooling vaſt impenetrable ſhade?
The muſe, alas, th' experienc'd muſe can tell:
Oft hath ſhe travell'd, while ſolſtitial beams,
Shot yellow deaths on the devoted land;
Oft, oft hath ſhe their ill-judg'd avarice blam'd,
Who, to the ſtranger, to their ſlaves and herds,
Denied this beſt of joys, the breezy ſhade.
And are there none, whom generous pity warms,
Friends to the woodland reign; whom ſhades delight?

Ver. 559. contagious blaſt.] So a particular ſpecies of blight is called in the Weſt-Indies. See its deſcription in the ſecond book.

Ver. 572. yellow deaths] The yellow fever, to which Europeans of a ſanguine habit of body, and who exceed in drinking or exerciſe, are liable on their arrival in the Weſt-Indies. The French call it Maladie de Siame, or more properly, "La Fievre "des Matelots." Thoſe who have lived any time in the iſlands are no more ſubject to this diſeaſe than the Creoles, whence, however, ſome phyſicians have too haſtily concluded, that it was a foreign extraction.

Who,

Who, round their green domains, plant hedge-
row trees;
And with cool cedars, ſcreen the public way?
Yes, good Montano; friend of man was he:
Him perſecution, virtue's deadlieſt foe,
Drove, a lorn exile, from his native ſhore;
From his green hills, where many a fleecy flock,
Where many a heifer cropt their wholeſome food;
And many a ſwain, obedient to his rule,
Him their lov'd maſter, their protector, own'd.
Yet, from that paradiſe, to Indian wilds,
To tropic ſuns, to fell barbaric hinds,
A poor outcaſt, an alien did he roam;
His wife, the partner of his better hours,
And one ſweet infant, cheer'd his diſmal way:
Unus'd to labour; yet the orient ſun,
Yet weſtern Phœbus, ſaw him wield the hoe.
At firſt a garden all his wants ſupplied,
(For Temperance ſat cheerful at his board,)
With yams, caſſada, and the food of ſtrength,
Thrice

Ver. 596. caſſada,] Caſſavi, caſſava, is called Jatropha by botaniſts. Its meal makes a wholeſome bread, although its juice be poiſonous. There is a ſpecies of caſſada which may be eat with ſafety, without expreſſing the juice; this the French call Camagnoc. The colour of its root is white, like a parſnip; that of the common kind is of a browniſh red, before it is ſcraped. By coction the caſſada-juice becomes an excellent ſauce for fiſh; and the Indians prepare many wholeſome diſhes from it. I have given it internally mixed with flour without any bad conſequences; it did not however produce any ſalutary effect. A good ſtarch is made from it. The ſtem is knotty, and, being cut into ſmall junks and planted, young ſprouts ſhoot up from each knob. Horſes have been poiſoned by eating its leaves. The French name

Thrice-wholeſome tanies: while a neighbouring dell,
(Which nature to the ſourſop had reſign'd,)
With ginger, and with Raleigh's pungent plant,
Gave wealth; and gold bought better land and ſlaves.

it Manihot, Magnoc, and Manioc, and the Spaniards Mandiocha. It is pretended that all creatures but man eat the raw root of the caſſada with impunity; and, when dried, that it is a ſovereign antidote againſt venomous bites. A wholeſome drink is prepared from this root by the Indians, Spaniards, and Portugueſe, according to Pineda. There is one ſpecies of this plant which the Indians only uſe, and is by them called Baccacoua.

Ver. 597. tanies:] This wholeſome root, in ſome of the iſlands, is called Edda: its botanical name is "Arum maxi-"mum Egyptiacum." There are three ſpecies of tanies, the blue, the ſcratching, and that which is commonly roaſted. The bloſſoms of all three are very fragrant, in a morning or evening. The young leaves, as well as the ſpiral ſtalks which ſupport the flower, are eaten by Negroes as a ſallad. The root makes a good broth in dyſenteric complaints. They are ſeldom ſo large as the yam, but moſt people think them preferable in point of taſte.

Ver. 598. to the ſourſop] The true Indian name of this tree is Suirſaak. It grows in the barreneſt places to a conſiderable height. Its fruit will often weigh two pounds. Its ſkin is green, and ſomewhat prickly. The pulp is not diſagreeable to the palate, being cool, and having its ſweetneſs tempered with ſome degree of an acid. It is one of the Anonas, as are alſo the cuſtard, ſtar, and ſugar-apples. The leaves of the ſourſop are very ſhining and green. The fruit is wholeſome, but ſeldom admitted to the tables of the elegant. The ſeeds are diſperſed thro' the pulp like the guava. It has a peculiar flavour. It grows in the Eaſt as well as the Weſt-Indies. The botanical name is Guanabanus. The French call it Petit Coroſol, or Cœur de Bœuf, to which the fruit bears a reſemblance. The root, being reduced to a powder, and ſnuffed up the noſe, produces the ſame effects as tobacco. Taken by the mouth, the Indians pretend it is a ſpecific in the epilepſy.

Heaven

Heaven bleſs'd his labour: now the cotton ſhrub
Grac'd with broad yellow flowers, unhurt by worms,
O'er many an acre ſheds its whiteſt down:
The power of rain, in genial moiſture bath'd
His cacao-walk, which teem'd with marrowy pods;

His

Ver. 601. cotton] The fine down, which this ſhrub produces to invelope its ſeeds, is ſufficiently known. The Engliſh, Italian, and French names, evidently are derived from the Arabic Algodon, as the Spaniards at this day call it. It was originally brought by the Arabians into the Levant, where it is now cultivated with great ſucceſs. Authors mention four ſpecies of cotton, but they confound the ſilk-cotton tree, or Ceiba, among them. The flower of the Weſt-India cotton-ſhrub is yellow, and companulated. It produces twice every year. That of Cayenne is the beſt of any that comes from America. This plant is very apt to be deſtroyed by a grub within a ſhort time; bating that, it is a profitable production. Pliny mentions Goſſipium, which is the common botanical name of cotton. It is likewiſe called Zylon. Martinus, in his Philological Lexicon, derives cotton from the Hebrew word קטן Katon, (or, as pronounced by the German-Jews, Kotoun.

Ver. 605. cacao-walk,] It is alſo called, Cocao and Coco. It is a native of ſome of the provinces of South-America, and a drink made from it was the common food of the Indians before the Spaniards came among them, who were ſome time in thoſe countries ere they could be prevailed upon to taſte it; and it muſt be confeſſed, that the Indian chocolate had not a tempting aſpect; yet I much doubt whether the Europeans have greatly improved its wholeſomeneſs, by the addition of vanellas and other hot ingredients. The tree often grows 15 or 20 feet high, and is ſtraight and handſome. The pods, which ſeldom contain leſs than thirty nuts of the ſize of a flatted olive, grow upon the ſtem and principal branches. The tree loves a moiſt, rich, and ſhaded ſoil: Hence thoſe who plant cacao-walks, ſometimes ſcreen them by a hardier tree, which the Spaniards aptly term Madre de Cacao. They may be planted fifteen or twenty feet diſtant, though ſome adviſe to plant them much nearer, and perhaps wiſely; for it is an eaſy matter to thin them, when they are paſt the danger of being deſtroyed by dry weather, &c.

His coffee bath'd, that glow'd with berries, red
As Danae's lip, or, Theodosia, thine,
Yet countless as the pebbles on the shore;
Oft, while drought kill'd his impious neighbour's grove.
In time, a numerous gang of sturdy slaves,
Well-fed, well-cloath'd, all emulous to gain
Their master's smile, who treated them like men;
Blacken'd his Cane-lands; which with vast increase,
Beyond

Some recommend planting cassada, or bananas, in the intervals, when the cacao-trees are young, to destroy weeds, from which the walk cannot be kept too free. It is generally three years before they produce good pods; but, in six years, they are in the highest perfection. The pods are commonly of the size and shape of a large cucumber. There are three or four sorts of cacao, which differ from one another in the colour and goodness of their nuts. That from the Caraccas is certainly the best. None of the species grow in Peru. Its alimentary, as well as physical properties, are sufficiently known. This word is Indian.

Ver. 606. His coffee] This is certainly of Arabic derivation; and has been used in the East, as a drink, time immemorial. The inhabitants about the mouth of the Red-sea were taught the use of it by the Persians, say authors, in the fifteenth century; and the coffee shrub was gradually introduced into Arabia Felix, whence it passed into Egypt, Syria, and lastly Constantinople. The Turks, though so excessively fond of coffee, have not known it much above one hundred and fifty years; whereas the English have been acquainted therewith for upwards of an hundred one Pasqua, a Greek, having opened a coffee-house in London about the middle of the last century. The famous traveller, Thevenot, introduced coffee into France. This plant is cultivated in the West-Indies, particularly by the French, with great success; but the berry from thence is not equal to that from Mocha. It is a species of Arabian jasmine; the flower is particularly redolent, and from it a pleasant cordial water is distilled. It produces fruit twice every year; but the shrub must be three years old before any can be gathered. It should not be allowed to grow above six feet high. It is very apt to be destroyed by a large

Beyond the wiſh of avarice, paid his toil.
No cramps, with ſudden death, ſurpriz'd his mules;
No glander-peſt his airy ſtables thinn'd:
And, if diſorder ſeiz'd his Negroe-train,
Celſus was call'd, and pining Illneſs flew.
His gate ſtood wide to all; but chief the poor,
The unfriended ſtranger, and the ſickly, ſhar'd
His prompt munificence: No ſurly dog,
Nor ſurlier Æthiop, their approach debar'd.
The Muſe, that pays this tribute to his fame,
Oft hath eſcap'd the ſun's meridian blaze,
Beneath yon tamarind-viſta, which his hands
Planted; and which, impervious to the ſun,
His latter days beheld. — One noon he ſat
Beneath its breezy ſhade, what time the ſun
His ſultry vengeance from the Lion pour'd;
And calmly thus his eldeſt hope addreſs'd.

large fly, which the French call Mouche a caffe; as well as by the white grub, which they name Puceron. Its medical and alimentary qualities are as generally known as to thoſe of tea.

Ver. 625. tamarind-viſta,] This large, ſhady, and beautiful tree grows faſt even in the drieſt ſoils, and laſts long; and yet its wood is hard, and very fit for mechanical uſes. The leaves are ſmaller than thoſe of ſenna, and pennated; they taſte ſouriſh, as does the pulp, which is contained in pods four or five inches long. They bear once a year. An excellent vinegar may be made from the fruit; but the Creoles chiefly preſerve it with ſugar, as the Spaniards with ſalt. A pleaſant ſyrup may be made from it. The name is, in Arabic, Tamara. The Antients were not acquainted therewith; for the Arabians firſt introduced tamarinds into phyſic; it is a native of the Eaſt as well as of the Weſt-Indies and South-America, where different provinces call it by different names. Its cathartic qualities are well known. It is good in ſea-ſickneſs. The botanical name is Tamarindus.

" Be pious, be induſtrious, be humane;
" From proud oppreſſion guard the labouring hind.
" Whate'er their creed, God is the Sire of man,
" His image they; then dare not thou, my ſon,
" To bar the gates of mercy on mankind.
" Your foes forgive, for merit muſt make foes;
" And in each virtue far ſurpaſs your ſire.
" Your means are ample, Heaven a heart beſtow!
" So health and peace ſhall be your portion here;
" And yon bright ſky, to which my ſoul aſpires,
" Shall bleſs you with eternity of joy."

He ſpoke, and ere the ſwift-wing'd zumbadore
The mountain-deſert ſtartled with his hum;
Ere fire-flies trimm'd their vital lamps; and ere
Dun Evening trod on rapid Twilight's heel:
His knell was rung;——
And all the Cane-lands wept their father loſt.

Ver. 642. and ere the ſwift-wing'd zumbadore] This bird, which is one of the largeſt and ſwifteſt known, is only ſeen at night, or rather heard; for it makes this hideous humming noiſe (whence its name) on the deſert tops of the Andes. See Ulloa's Voyage to South-America. It is alſo called Condor. Its wings, when expanded, have been known to exceed ſixteen feet from tip to tip. See Phil. Tranſ. No. 208.

Ver. 644. Ere fire-flies] This ſurpriſing inſect is frequent in Guadaloupe, &c. and all the warmer parts of America. There are none of them in the Engliſh Caribbee, or Virgin-Iſlands.

Ver. 645. on rapid Twilight's heel:] There is little or no twilight in the Weſt-Indies. All the year round is dark before eight at night. The dawn is equally ſhort.

Muſe,

Muse, yet awhile indulge my rapid courſe;
And I'll unharneſs, ſoon, the foaming ſteeds.

If Jove deſcend, propitious to thy vows,
In frequent floods of rain; ſucceſſive crops
Of weeds will ſpring. Nor venture to repine,
Tho' oft their toil thy little gang renew;
Their toil tenfold the melting heavens repay:
For ſoon thy plants will magnitude acquire,
To cruſh all undergrowth; before the ſun,
The planets thus withdraw their puny fires.
And tho' untutor'd, then, thy Canes will ſhoot:
Care meliorates their growth. The trenches fill
With their collateral mold; as in a town
Which foes have long beleaguer'd, unawares
A ſtrong detachment ſallies from each gate,
And levels all the labours of the plain.

And now thy Cane's firſt blades their verdure loſe,
And hang their idle heads. Be theſe ſtript off;
So ſhall freſh ſportive airs their joints embrace,
And by their dalliance give the ſap to riſe.
But, O beware, let no unſkilful hand
The vivid foliage tear: Their channel'd ſpouts,
Well-pleas'd, the watery nutriment convey,
With filial duty, to the thirſty ſtem;
And, ſpreading wide their reverential arms,
Defend their parent from ſolſtitial ſkies.

The End of Book I.

THE

SUGAR-CANE.

BOOK II.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO BOOK II.

THE following Book having, been originally addreſſed to WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Eſq; and by him approved of; the Author ſhould deem it a kind of poetical ſacrilege, now, to addreſs it to any other. To his memory, therefore, be it ſacred; as a ſmall, but ſincere, teſtimony of the high opinion the Author entertained of that Gentleman's genius and manners; and as the only return now, alas! in his power to make, for the friendſhip wherewith Mr. SHENSTONE had condeſcended to hononr him.

ARGUMENT.

Subject propoſed. Addreſs to William Shenſtone, Eſq; Of monkeys. Of rats and other vermin. Of weeds. Of the yellow fly. Of the greaſy fly. Of the blaſt. A hurricane deſcribed. Of calms and earthquakes. A tale.

THE

SUGAR-CANE.

BOOK II.

ENOUGH of culture.—A leſs pleaſing theme,
What ills await the ripening Cane, demands
My ſerious numbers: theſe, the thoughtful Muſe
Hath oft beheld, deep-pierc'd with generous woe.
For ſhe, poor exile! boaſts no waving crops;
For her no circling mules preſs dulcet ſtreams;
No Negro-band huge foaming coppers ſkim;
Nor fermentation (wine's dread fire) for her,
With Vulcan's aid, from Cane a ſpirit draws,
Potent to quell the madneſs of deſpair.
Yet, oft, the range ſhe walks, at ſhut of eve;
Oft ſees red lightening at the midnight-hour,

When nod the watches, ſtream along the ſky;
Not innocent, as what the learned call
The Boreal morn, which, through the azure air,
Flaſhes its tremulous rays, in painted ſtreaks,
While o'er night's veil her lucid treſſes flow:
Nor quits the Muſe her walk, immers'd in thought,
How ſhe the planter, haply, may adviſe;
Till tardy morn unbar the gates of light,
And, opening on the main with ſultry beam,
To burniſh'd ſilver turns the blue-green wave.

SAY, will my SHENSTONE lend a patient ear,
And weep at woes unknown to Britain's Iſle?
Yes, thou wilt weep; for pity choſe thy breaſt,
With taſte and ſcience, for their ſoft abode:
Yes, thou wilt weep: thine own diſtreſs thou bear'ſt
Undaunted; but another's melts thy ſoul.

"O WERE my pipe as ſoft, my dittied ſong"
As ſmooth as thine, my too too diſtant friend,
SHENSTONE; my ſoft pipe, and my dittied ſong
Should huſh the hurricanes tremendous roar,
And from each evil guard the ripening Cane!

DESTRUCTIVE, on the upland ſugar-groves
The monkey-nation preys: from rocky heights,
In ſilent parties, they deſcend by night,
And poſting watchful centinels, to warn
When hoſtile ſteps approach; with gambols, they
Pour o'er the Cane-grove. Luckleſs he to whom
That land pertains! in evil hour, perhaps,

And thoughtleſs of to-morrow, on a die
He hazards millions; or, perhaps, reclines
On Luxury's ſoft lap, the peſt of wealth;
And, inconſiderate, deems his Indian crops
Will amply her inſatiate wants ſupply.

From theſe inſidious droles (peculiar peſt
Of Liamuiga's hills) would'ſt thou defend
Thy waving wealth; in traps put not thy truſt,
However baited: treble every watch,
And well with arms provide them; faithful dogs,
Of noſe ſagacious, on their footſteps wait.
With theſe attack the predatory bands;
Quickly the unequal conflict they decline,
And, chattering, fling their ill-got ſpoils away.
So when, of late, innumerous Gallic hoſts
Fierce, wanton, cruel, did by ſtealth invade
The peaceable American's domains,
While deſolation mark'd their faithleſs rout;
No ſooner Albion's martial ſons advanc'd,
Than the gay daſtards to their foreſts fled,
And left their ſpoils and tomahawks behind.

Ver. 46 peculiar peſt] The monkeys, which are now ſo numerous in the mountainous parts of St. Chriſtopher, were brought thither by the French when they poſſeſſed half that inſland. This circumſtance we learn from Pere Labat, who farther tells us, that they are a moſt delicate food. The Engliſh-Negroes are very fond of them, but the White-inhabitants do not eat them. They do a great deal of miſchief in St. Kitt's, deſtroying many thouſand pounds Sterling's worth of the Canes every year.

Nor with leſs waſte the whiſker'd vermin-
race,
A countleſs clan, deſpoil the low-land Cane.

These to deſtroy, while commerce hoiſts the
ſail,
Looſe rocks abound, or tangling buſhes bloom,
What Planter knows? — Yet prudence may re-
duce.
Encourage then the breed of ſavage cats,
Nor kill the winding ſnake, thy foes they eat.
Thus, on the mangrove-banks of Guayaquil,
Child of the rocky deſert, ſea-like ſtream,
With ſtudious care, the American preſerves
The gallinazo, elſe that ſea-like ſtream
(Whence traffic pours her bounties on mankind)
Dread alligators would alone poſſeſs

Thy

Ver. 64. Theſe to deſtroy,] Rats, &c. are not natives of America, but came by ſhipping from Europe. They breed in the ground, under looſe rocks and buſhes. Durante, a Roman, who was phyſician to Pope Sixtus Quintus, and who wrote a Latin poem on the preſervation of health, enumerates domeſtic rats among animals that may be eaten with ſafety. But if theſe are wholeſome, cane-rats muſt be much more delicate, as well as more nouriſhing. Accordingly we find moſt field Negroes fond of them, and I have heard that ſtraps of cane-rats are publickly ſold in the markets of Jamaica.

Ver. 69. mangrove-banks] This tree, which botaniſts call Rizophora, grows in marſhy ſoils, and on the ſides of rivers; and, as the branches take root, they frequently render narrow ſtreams impaſſable to boats. Oyſters often adhere to their roots, &c. The French name of this ſtrange water-ſhrub is Paltuvier. The ſpecies meant here is the red mangrove.

Ver. 74. Dread alligators] This dreadful animal is amphibious, and ſeldom lays fewer than 100 eggs. Theſe ſhe carefully covers with

Thy foes, the teeth-fil'd Ibbos alſo love;
Nor thou their wayward appetite reſtrain.

Some place decoys, nor will they not avail,
Replete with roaſted crabs, in every grove
Theſe fell marauders gnaw; and pay their ſlaves
Some ſmall reward for every captive foe.
So practiſe Gallia's ſons; but Britons truſt
In other wiles; and ſurer their ſucceſs.

with ſand. But, notwithſtanding this precaution, the gallinazo (a large ſpecies of carrion-crow) conceals itſelf among the thick boughs of the neighbouring trees, and thus often diſcovers the hoard of the alligator, which ſhe no ſooner leaves, than the gallinazo ſouſes down upon it, and greedily ſcraping off the ſand, regales on its contents. Nor is the male alligator leſs an enemy to the increaſe of its own horrid brood, than theſe uſeful birds; for, when Inſtinct prompts the female to let her young fly out by breaking the eggs, he never fails to accompany her, and to devour as many of them as he can: So that the mother ſcarce ever eſcapes into the river with more than five out of all her hundred. Thus Providence doubly prevents the otherwiſe immenſe propagation of that voracious animal, on the banks of the river Guayaquil; for the gallinazo is not always found, where alligators are.—Ulloa.

Ver. 75. teeth-fil'd Ibbos] Or Ebbos, as they are commonly called, are a numerous nation. Many of them have their teeth filed, and blackened in an extraordinary manner. They make good ſlaves when bought young; but are, in general, foul feeders, many of them greedily devouring the raw guts of fowls: They alſo feed on dead mules and horſes; whoſe carcaſſes, therefore, ſhould be buried deep, that the Negroes may not come at them. But the ſureſt way is to burn them; otherwiſe they will be apt, privily, to kill thoſe uſeful animals, in order to feaſt on them.

Ver. 76. Nor thou their wayward] Pere Labat ſays that Cane-rats give thoſe Negroes who eat them pulmonic diſorders, but the good Jeſuit was no phyſician. I have been told by thoſe who have eat them, that they are very delicate food.

With Miſnian arſenic, deleterious bane,
Pound up the ripe caſſada's well-raſp'd root,
And form in pellets; theſe profuſely ſpread
Round the Cane-groves, where ſculk the vermin-breed:
They, greedy, and unweeting of the bait,
Crowd to the inviting cates, and ſwift devour
Their palatable death; for ſoon they ſeek
The neighbouring ſpring; and drink, and ſwell, and die.
But dare not thou, if life deſerve thy care,
The infected rivulet taſte; nor let thy herds
Graze its polluted brinks, till rolling time
Have fin'd the water, and deſtroyed the bane.
'Tis ſafer then to mingle nightſhade's juice
With flour, and throw it liberal 'mong thy Canes:
They touch not this; its deadly ſcent they fly,
And ſudden colonize ſome diſtant vale.

Shall the muſe deign to ſing of humble weeds,
That check the progreſs of the imperial Cane?

In every ſoil, unnumber'd weeds will ſpring;
Nor feweſt in the beſt: (thus, oft we find
Enormous vices taint the nobleſt ſouls!)
Theſe let thy little gang, with ſkilful hand,

Ver. 95. 'Tis ſafer then to mingle nightſhade's juice] See the article Solanum in Newman's Chemiſtry publiſhed by Dr Lewis. There is a ſpecies of Eaſt-India animal, called a Mungoes, which bears a natural antipathy to rats. Its introduction into the Sugar-Iſlands would, probably, effectuate the extirpation of this deſtructive vermin.

Oft

Oft as they ſpread abroad, and oft they ſpread;
Careful pluck up, ſo ſwell thy growing heap
Of rich manure. And yet ſome weeds ariſe,
Of aſpect mean, with wond'rous virtues fraught:
(And doth not oft uncommon merit dwell
In men of vulgar looks, and trivial air?)
Such, planter, be not thou aſham'd to ſave
From foul pollution, and unſeemly rot;
Much will they benefit thy houſe and thee.
But chief the yellow thiſtle thou ſelect,
Whoſe ſeed the ſtomach frees from nauſeous loads;
And, if the muſic of the mountain-dove
Delight thy penſive ear, ſweet friend to thought!
This prompts their cooing, and enflames their love.
Nor let rude hands the knotted graſs profane,
Whoſe juice worms fly: Ah, dire endemial ill!
How many fathers, fathers now no more;
How many orphans, now lament thy rage?
The cow-itch alſo ſave; but let thick gloves
Thine

Ver. 114. the yellow thiſtle] The ſeeds of this plant are an excellent emetic; and almoſt as uſeful in dyſenteric complaints as ipecacuana. It grows every where.

Ver. 119. Nor let rude hands the knotted graſs profane,] This is truly a powerful vermifuge; but, uncautiouſly adminiſtered, has often proved mortal. The juice of it, clarified, is ſometimes given; but a decoction of it is greatly preferable. Its botanical name is Spigelia.

Ver. 123. The cow-itch alſo ſave;] This extraordinary vine ſhould be permitted to grow in a Cane-piece; for Negroes have been known to fire the Canes, to ſave themſelves from the torture

Thine hands defend, or thou wilt ſadly rue
Thy raſh imprudence, when ten thouſand darts
Sharp as the bee-ſting, faſten in thy fleſh,
And give thee up to torture. But, unhurt,
Planter, thou may'ſt the humble chickweed cull;
And that, which coyly flies the aſtoniſh'd graſp.
Not the confection nam'd from Pontus' King;
Not

ture which attends working in grounds where it has abounded. Mixed with melaſſes, it is a ſafe and excellent vermifuge. Its ſeeds, which reſemble blackiſh ſmall beans, are purgative. Its flower is purple; and its pods, on which the ſtinging brown Setæ are found, are as large as a full-grown Engliſh field-pea.

Ver. 128. Planter, thou may'ſt the humble chickweed] There are two kinds of chickweed, which grow ſpontaneouſly in the Caribbees, and both poſſeſs very conſiderable virtues, particularly that which botaniſts call Cajacia, and which the Spaniards emphatically name Erudos Cobres, or Snakeweed, on account of its remarkable qualities againſt poiſonous bites. It is really of uſe againſt fiſh-poiſon; as is alſo the ſenſitive plant, which the Spaniards prettily call the Vergonzoza, the Baſhful, and La Donzella, or the Maiden. There are many kinds of this extraordinary plant, which grow every where in the Iſlands and in South-America. The botanical name of the former is Alſine, and that of the latter Mimoſa.

Ver. 130. Not the confection] This medicine is called Mithridatium, in honour of Mithridates King of Pontus; who, by uſing it conſtantly, had ſecured himſelf from the effects of poiſon, in ſuch a manner, that, when he actually attempted to put an end to his life, by that means, he failed in his purpoſe. So, at leaſt, Pliny informs us. But we happily are not obliged to believe, implicitly, whatever that elaborate compiler has told us. When poiſons immediately operate on the nervous ſyſtem, and their effects are to be expelled by the ſkin, this electuary is no contemptible antidote. But how many poiſons do we know at preſent, which produce their effects in a different manner? and, from the accounts of authors, we have reaſon to be perſuaded, that the antients were not much behind us in their variety of poiſons.

If,

Not the bleſs'd apple Median climes produce,
Though lofty Maro (whoſe immortal muſe
Diſtant I follow, and, ſubmiſs, adore)
Hath ſung its properties, to counteract
Dire ſpells, ſlow-mutter'd o'er the baneful bowl,
Where cruel ſtepdames poiſonous drugs have brew'd;
Can vie with theſe low tenants of the vale,
In driving poiſons from the infected frame:
For here, alas! (ye ſons of luxury, mark!)
The ſea, tho' on its boſom Halcyons ſleep,
Abounds with poiſon'd fiſh; whoſe crimſon fins,
Whoſe eyes, whoſe ſcales, bedropt with azure, gold,
Purple, and green, in all gay Summer's pride,
Amuſe the ſight; whoſe taſte the palate charms;
Yet death, in ambuſh, on the banquet waits,
Unleſs theſe antidotes be timely given.
But, ſay what ſtrains, what numbers can recite,
Thy praiſes, vervain; or wild liquorice, thine?
For not the coſtly root, the gift of God,

If, therefore, the King of Pontus had really intended to have deſtroyed himſelf, he could have been at no loſs for the means, notwithſtanding the daily uſe of this antidote.

Ver. 131. Not the bleſs'd apple] Authors are not agreed what the apple is, to which Virgil attributes ſuch remarkable virtues, nor is it indeed poſſible they ever ſhould. However, we have this comfort on our ſide, that our not knowing it is of no detriment to us; for as ſpells cannot effect us, we are at no loſs for antidotes to guard againſt them.

Ver. 149. For not the coſtly root,] Some medical writers have beſtowed the high appellation of Donum Dei on rhubarb.

Gather'd

Gather'd by thoſe, who drink the Volga's wave,
(Prince of Europa's ſtreams, itſelf a ſea)
Equals your potency! Did planters know
But half your virtues; not the Cane itſelf,
Would they with greater, fonder pains preſerve!

Still other maladies infeſt the Cane,
And worſe to be ſubdu'd. The inſect-tribe
That, fluttering, ſpread their pinions to the ſun,
Recal the muſe: nor ſhall their many eyes,
Tho' edg'd with gold, their many-colour'd down,
From Death preſerve them. In what diſtant clime,
In what receſſes are the plunderers hatch'd?
Say, are they wafted in the living gale,
From diſtant iſlands? Thus, the locuſt-breed,
In winged caravans, that blot the ſky,
Deſcend from far, and, ere bright morning dawn,
Aſtoniſh'd Afric ſees her crop devour'd.
Or, doth the Cane a proper neſt afford,
And food adapted to the yellow fly? ——
The ſkill'd in Nature's myſtic lore obſerve,
Each tree, each plant, that drinks the golden day,
Some reptile life ſuſtains: Thus cochinille

Feeds

Ver. 171. Thus cochinille] This is a Spaniſh word. For the manner of propagating this uſeful inſect, ſee Sir Hans Sloane's Natural Hiſtory of Jamaica. It was long believed in Europe to be a ſeed, or vegetable production. The botanical name of the plant

Feeds on the Indian fig; and ſhould it harm
The foſter plant, its worth that harm repays:
But Ye, baſe inſects! no bright ſcarlet yield,
To deck the Britiſh Wolf; who now perhaps,
(So Heaven and George ordain) in triumph mounts
Some ſtrong-built fortreſs, won from haughty Gaul!
And tho' no plant ſuch luſcious nectar yields,
As yields the Cane-plant; yet, vile paricides!
Ungrateful ye; the parent-cane deſtroy.

Muse! ſay what remedy hath ſkill devis'd
To quell this noxious foe? Thy Blacks ſend forth,
A ſtrong detachment! ere the encreaſing peſt
Have made too firm a lodgment; and, with care,
Wipe every tainted blade, and liberal lave
With ſacred Neptune's purifying ſtream.
But this Augæan toil long time demands,
Which thou to more advantage may'ſt employ:
If vows for rain thou ever did'ſt prefer.
Planter, prefer them now: the rattling ſhower,
Pour'd down in conſtant ſtreams, for days and nights,

plant on which the cochinille feeds, is "Opuntia maxima, folio "oblongo, majore, ſpinulis obtuſis, mollibus et innocentibus obſito, "flore, ſtriis rubris variegato."—Sloane.

Not

Not only ſwells, with nectar ſweet, thy Canes;
But, in the deluge, drowns thy plundering foe.

When may the planter idly fold his arms,
And ſay, "My ſoul take reſt?" Superior ills,
Ills which no care nor wiſdom can avert,
In black ſucceſſion riſe. Ye men of Kent,
When nipping Eurus, with the brutal force
Of Boreas, join'd in ruffian league, aſſail
Your ripen'd hop-grounds; tell me what you feel,
And pity the poor planter; when the blaſt,
Fell plague of Heaven! perdition of the iſles!
Attacks his waving gold. Tho' well-manur'd;
A richneſs tho' thy fields from nature boaſt;
Though ſeaſons pour; this peſtilence invades:
Too oft it ſeizes the glad infant-throng,
Nor pities their green nonage: Their broad blades
Of which the graceful wood-nymphs erſt compos'd
The greeneſt garlands to adorn their brows,
Firſt pallid, ſickly, dry, and withered ſhow;
Unſeemly ſtains ſucceed; which, nearer view'd
By microſcopic arts, ſmall eggs appear,

Ver. 205. Though ſeaſons] Without a rainy ſeaſon, the Sugar-cane could not be cultivated to any advantage: For what Pliny the Elder writes of another plant may be applied to this, "Gaudet irriguis, et toto anno bibere amat."

Ver. 205. this peſtilence] It muſt, however, be confeſſed, that the blaſt is leſs frequent in lands naturally rich, or ſuch as are made ſo by well-rooted manure.

Dire

Dire fraught with reptile-life; alas, too ſoon
They burſt their filmy jail, and crawl abroad,
Bugs of uncommon ſhape; thrice hideous ſhow!
Innumerous as the painted ſhells, that load
The wave-worn margin of the Virgin-iſles!
Innumerous as the leaves the plumb-tree ſheds,
When, proud of her fæcundity, ſhe ſhows,
Naked, her gold fruit to the God of Noon.
Remorſeleſs to its youth; what pity, ſay,
Can the Cane's age expect? In vain, its pitch
With juice nectarious flows; to pungent ſour,
Foe to the bowels, ſoon its nectar turns:
Vain every joint a gemmy embryo bears,
Alternate rang'd; from theſe no filial young
Shall grateful ſpring, to bleſs the planter's eye. —
With bugs confederate, in deſtructive league,
The ants' republic joins; a villain crew,
As the waves, countleſs, that plough up the deep,
(Where Eurus reigns vicegerent of the ſky,
Whom Rhea bore to the bright God of Day)
When furious Auſter dire commotions ſtirs:

Ver. 218. the plumb-tree ſheds,] This is the Jamaica plumb-tree. When covered with fruit, it has no leaves upon it. The fruit is wholeſome. In like manner, the panſpan is deſtitute of foliage when covered with flowers. The latter is a ſpecies of jeſſamine, and grows as large as an apple-tree.

Ver. 231. Eurus reigns] The Eaſt is the centre of the trade-wind in the Weſt-Indies, which veers a few points to the North or South. What Homer ſays of the Weſt-wind, in his iſlands of the bleſſed, may more aptly be applied to the trade-winds.

Theſe wind, by ſubtle ſap, their ſecret way,
Pernicious pioneers! while thoſe inveſt,
More firmly daring, in the face of Heaven,
And win, by regular approach, the Cane.

'Gainst ſuch ferocious, ſuch unnumber'd bands,
What arts, what arms ſhall ſage experience uſe?

Some bid the planter load the favouring gale,
With pitch, and ſulphur's ſuffocating ſteam:—
Unleſs the vapour o'er the Cane-grove flies,
In curling volumes loſt; ſuch feeble arms,
To man tho' fatal, not the blaſt ſubdue.
Others again, and better their ſucceſs,
Command their ſlaves each tainted blade to pick
With care, and burn them in vindictive flames.
Labour immenſe! and yet, if ſmall the peſt;
If numerous, if induſtrious be thy gang;
At length, thou may'ſt the victory obtain.
But, if the living taint be far diffus'd,
Bootleſs this toil; nor will it then avail
(Tho' aſhes lend their ſuffocating aid)
To bare the broad roots, and the mining ſwarms
Expoſe, remorſeleſs, to the burning noon.
Ah! muſt then ruin deſolate the plain?
Muſt the loſt planter other climes explore?
Howe'er reluctant, let the hoe uproot
The infected Cane-piece; and, with eager flames,
The hoſtile myriads thou to embers turn:
Far better, thus, a mighty loſs ſuſtain,

Which

Which happier years and prudence may retrieve;
Than riſque thine all. As when an adverſe ſtorm,
Impetuous, thunders on ſome luckleſs ſhip,
From green St. Chriſtopher, or Cathäy bound:
Each nautic art the reeling ſeamen try:
The ſtorm redoubles: death rides on every wave:
Down by the board the cracking maſts they hew;
And heave their precious cargo in the main.

Say, can the Muſe, the pencil in her hand,
The all-waſting hurricane obſervant ride?
Can ſhe, undazzled, view the lightning's glare,
That fires the welkin? Can ſhe, unappall'd,
When all the flood-gates of the ſky are ope,
The ſhoreleſs deluge ſtem? The Muſe hath ſeen
The pillar'd flame, whoſe top hath reach'd the ſtars;
Seen rocky, molten fragments, ſlung in air
From Ætna's vext abyſs; ſeen burning ſtreams
Pour down its channel'd ſides; tremendous ſcenes!—
Yet not vext Ætna's pillar'd flames, that ſtrike
The ſtars; nor molten mountains hurl'd on high;
Nor ponderous rapid-deluges, that burn
Its deeply-channel'd ſides: cauſe ſuch diſmay,
Such deſolation, Hurricane! as thou;
When the Almighty gives thy rage to blow,
And all the battles of thy winds engage.

Ver. 265. Cathäy] An old name for China.

Soon as the Virgin's charms ingroſs the ſun;
And till his weaker flame the Scorpion feels;
But, chief, while Libra weighs the unſteddy year:
Planter, with mighty props thy dome ſupport;
Each flaw repair; and well, with maſſy bars,
Thy doors and windows guard; ſecurely lodge
Thy ſtocks and mill-points. — Then, or calms obtain;
Breathleſs the royal palm-tree's airieſt van;
While, o'er the panting iſle, the dæmon Heat
High hurls his flaming brand; vaſt, diſtant waves
The main drives furious in, and heaps the ſhore
With ſtrange productions: Or, the blue ſerene
Aſſumes a louring aſpect, as the clouds
Fly, wild-careering, thro' the vault of heaven;
Then tranſient birds, of various kinds, frequent
Each ſtagnant pool; ſome hover o'er thy roof;
Then Eurus reigns no more; but each bold wind,
By turns, uſurps the empire of the air
With quick inconſtancy;
Thy herds, as ſapient of the coming ſtorm,
(For beaſts partake ſome portion of the ſky,)
In troops aſſociate; and in cold ſweats bath'd,
Wild-bellowing, eye the pole. Ye ſeamen, now,
Ply to the ſouthward, if the changeful moon,
Or, in her interlunar palace hid,

Ver. 293. ſtocks and mill-points.] The ſails are faſtened to the mill-points, as thoſe are to the ſtocks. They ſhould always be taken down before the hurricane-ſeaſon.

Shuns

Shuns night; or, full-orb'd, in night's forehead glows:
For, ſee! the miſts, that late involv'd the hill,
Diſperſe; the mid-day ſun looks red; ſtrange burs,
Surround the ſtars, which vaſter fill the eye.
A horrid ſtench the pools, the main emits;
Fearful the genius of the foreſt ſighs;
The mountains moan; deep groans the cavern'd cliff.
A night of vapour, cloſing faſt around,
Snatches the golden moon.—Each wind appeas'd,
The North flies forth, and hurls the frighted air:
Not all the brazen engineries of man,
At once exploded, the wild burſt ſurpaſs.
Yet thunder, yok'd with lightning and with rain,
Water with fire, increaſe the infernal din:
Canes, ſhrubs, trees, huts, are whirl'd aloft in air.——
The wind is ſpent; and "all the iſle below
"Is huſh as death."
Soon iſſues forth the weſt, with ſudden burſt;
And blaſts more rapid, more reſiſtleſs drives:
Ruſhes the headlong ſky; the city rocks;
The good man throws him on the trembling ground;

Ver. 314. ſtrange burs,] Theſe are aſtral halos. Columbus ſoon made himſelf maſter of the ſigns that precede a hurricane in the Weſt-Indies, by which means he ſaved his own ſquadron; while another large fleet, whoſe commander deſpiſed his prognoſtics, put to ſea, and was wrecked.

And dies the murderer in his inmoſt ſoul. —
Sullen the Weſt withdraws his eager ſtorms. —
Will not the tempeſt now his furies chain?
Ah, no! as when in Indian foreſts, wild,
Barbaric armies ſuddenly retire
After ſome furious onſet, and, behind
Vaſt rocks and trees, their horrid forms conceal,
Brooding on ſlaughter, not repuls'd; for ſoon
Their growing yell the affrighted welkin rends,
And bloodier carnage mows th' enſanguin'd plain:
So the ſouth, ſallying from his iron caves
With mightier force, renews the aerial war;
Sleep, frighted, flies; and ſee! yon lofty palm,
Fair nature's triumph, pride of Indian groves,
Cleft by the ſulphureous bolt! See yonder dome,
Where grandeur with propriety combin'd,
And Theodorus with devotion dwelt;
Involv'd in ſmouldering flames. — From every rock,
Daſhes the turbid torrent; thro' each ſtreet
A river foams, which ſweeps, with untam'd might,
Men, oxen, Cane-lands to the billowy main. —
Pauſes the wind. — Anon the ſavage Eaſt
Bids his wing'd tempeſts more relentleſs rave;
Now brighter, vaſter corruſcations flaſh;
Deepens the deluge; nearer thunders roll;
Earth trembles; ocean reels; and, in her fangs,
Grim deſolation tears the ſhrieking iſle,

Ere

Ere roſy morn poſſeſs the ethereal plain,
To pour on darkneſs the full flood of day.—

Nor does the hurricane's all-waſting wrath
Alone bring ruin on its ſounding wing:
Even calms are dreadful, and the fiery South
Oft reigns a tyrant in thoſe fervid iſles:
For, from its burning furnace, when it breathes,
Europe and Aſia's vegetable ſons,
Touch'd by its tainted vapour, ſhrivel'd, die.
The hardieſt children of the rocks repine:
And all the upland Tropic-plants hang down
Their drooping heads; ſhew arid, coil'd, aduſt.—
The main itſelf ſeems parted into ſtreams,
Clear as a mirror; and with deadly ſcents,
Annoys the rower; who, faint-hearted, eyes
The ſails hang idly, noiſeleſs, from the maſt.
Thrice hapleſs he, whom thus the hand of fate
Compels to riſque the inſufferable beam!
A fiend, the worſt the angry ſkies ordain
To puniſh ſinful man, ſhall fatal ſeize
His wretched life, and to the tomb conſign.

When ſuch the ravage of the burning calm,
On the ſtout, ſunny children of the hill;
What muſt thy Cane-lands feel? Thy late green ſprouts
Nor bunch, nor joint; but, ſapleſs, arid, pine:
Thoſe, who have manhood reach'd, of yellow hue,

(Symptom

(Symptom of health and ſtrength) ſoon ruddy
ſhow;
While the rich juice that circled in their veins,
Aceſcent, watery, poor, unwholeſome taſtes.

NOR only, planter, are thy Cane-groves burnt;
Thy life is threatened. Muſe, the manner ſing.

THEN earthquakes, nature's agonizing pangs,
Oft ſhake the aſtoniſh'd iſles: The ſolfaterre
Or ſend forth thick, blue, ſuffocating ſteams;
Or ſhoots to temporary flame. A din,
Wild, through the mountain's quivering rocky
caves,
Like the dread craſh of tumbling planets, roars.
When tremble thus the pillars of the globe,
Like the tall coco by the fierce North blown;
Can the poor, brittle, tenements of man
Withſtand the dread convulſion? Their dear
homes,
Which ſhaking, tottering, craſhing, burſting fall,
The boldeſt fly; and, on the open plain
Appal'd, in agony the moment wait,

Ver. 392. ſolfaterre] Volcanos are called ſulphurs, or ſolfaterres, in the Weſt-Indies. There are few mountainous iſlands in that part of the globe without them, and thoſe probably will deſtroy them in time. I ſaw much ſulphur and allum in the ſolfaterre at Mountſerrat. The ſtream that runs through it, is almoſt as hot as boiling wate', and its ſteams ſoon blacken ſilver.

When,

When, with diſrupture vaſt, the waving earth
Shall whelm them in her ſea-diſgorging womb.

Nor leſs affrighted are the beſtial kind.
The bold ſteed quivers in each panting vein,
And ſtaggers, bath'd in deluges of ſweat:
Thy lowing herds forſake their graſſy food,
And ſend forth frighted, woeful, hollow ſounds;
The dog, thy truſty centinel of night,
Deſerts his poſt aſſign'd; and, piteous, howls. —
Wide ocean feels: ——
The mountain-waves, paſſing their cuſtom'd bounds,
Make direful, loud incurſions on the land,
All-overwhelming: Sudden they retreat,
With their whole troubled waters; but, anon,
Sudden return, with louder, mightier force;
(The black rocks whiten, the vext ſhores reſound;)
And yet, more rapid, diſtant they retire.
Vaſt corruſcations lighten all the ſky,
With volum'd flames; while thunder's awful voice,
From forth his ſhrine, by night and horror girt,
Aſtounds the guilty, and appals the good:
For oft the beſt, ſmote by the bolt of heaven,
Wrapt in ethereal flame, forget to live:
Elſe, fair Theana. — Muſe, her fate deplore.

Soon

Soon as young reaſon dawn'd in Junio's breaſt,
His father ſent him from theſe genial iſles,
To where old Thames, with conſcious pride, ſurveys
Green Eton, ſoft abode of every Muſe.
Each claſſic beauty ſoon he made his own;
And ſoon fam'd Iſis ſaw him woo the Nine,
On her inſpiring banks: Love tun'd his ſong;
For fair Theana was his only theme,
Acaſto's daughter, whom, in early youth,
He oft diſtinguiſh'd; and for whom he oft
Had climb'd the bending coco's airy height,
To

Ver. 438. the bending coco's] The coco-nut tree is of the palm genus; there are ſeveral ſpecies of them, which grow naturally in the Torrid Zone. The coco-nut tree is, by no means, ſo uſeful as travellers have repreſented it. The wood is of little or no ſervice, being ſpongy, and the brown covering of the nuts is of too rough a texture to ſerve as apparel. The ſhell of the nut receives a good poliſh; and, having a handle put to it, is commonly uſed to drink water out of. The milk, or water of the nut, is cooling and pleaſant; but, if drank too freely, will frequently occaſion a pain in the ſtomach. A ſalutary oil may be extracted from the kernel; which, if old, and eaten too plentifully, is apt to produce a ſhortneſs of breathing. A ſpecies of arrack is made from this tree, in the Eaſt-Indies. The largeſt coco-nut trees grow on the banks of the river Oroonoko. They thrive beſt near the ſea, and look beautiful at a diſtance. They afford no great ſhade. Ripe nuts have been produced from them in three years after planting. The nuts ſhould be macerated in water, before they are put in the ground. Coco is an Indian name; the Spaniards call it alſo Palma de las Indias; as the ſmalleſt kind, whoſe nuts are leſs than walnuts, is termed by them Coquillo. This grows in Chili, and the nuts are eſteemed more delicate than thoſe of a larger ſize. In the Maldivy-Iſlands, it is pretended, they not only build houſes of the Coco-nut tree, but alſo veſſels, with all their rigging; nay, and load them too with wine, oil, vinegar, black ſugar, fruit and ſtrong water, from the ſame tree. If this be true, the Maldivian coco-nut trees muſt differ widely from thoſe that grow in the Weſt-Indies. The coco muſt not be confounded with the coco-nut tree. That ſhrub

To rob it of its nectar; which the maid,
When he preſented, more nectarious deem'd, —
The ſweeteſt ſappadillas oft he brought;
From him more ſweet ripe ſappadillas ſeem'd. —
Nor had long abſence yet effac'd her form;
Her charms ſtill triumph'd o'er Britannia's fair.
One morn he met her in Sheen's royal walks;
Nor knew, till then, ſweet Sheen contain'd his all.
His taſte mature approv'd his infant choice.
In colour, form, expreſſion, and in grace,
She ſhone all perfect; while each pleaſing art,
And each ſoft virtue that the ſex adorns,
Adorn'd the woman. My imperfect ſtrain,
Which Percy's happier pencil would demand,
Can ill deſcribe the tranſports Junio felt

ſhrub grows in the hotteſt and moiſteſt vales of the Andes. Its leaf, which is gathered two or three times a year, is much coveted by the natives of South America, who will travel great journeys upon a ſingle handful of the leaves, which they do not ſwallow, but only chew. It is of an unpleaſant taſte, but, by uſe, ſoon grows agreeable. Some authors have alſo confounded the coco-nut palm, with the coco, or chocolate tree. The French call the coco-nut tree, Cocotier. Its ſtem, which is very lofty, is always bent; for which reaſon it looks better in an orchard than in a regular garden. As one limb fades, another ſhoots up in the center, like a pike. The botanical name is Palma Indica, coccifera, anguloſa.

Ver. 441. ſappadillas] This is a pleaſant-taſted fruit, ſomewhat reſembling a bergamot-pear, in ſhape and colour. The tree which produces it, is large and ſhady. Its leaves are of a ſhining green; but the flowers, which are monopetalous, are of a paliſh white. The fruit is coronated when ripe, and contains, in its pulp, ſeveral longiſh black ſeeds. It is wholeſome. Antigua produces the beſt ſappadillas I ever taſted. The trivial name is Spaniſh. Botaniſts call it Cainito.

At

At this diſcovery: He declar'd his love;
She own'd his merit, nor refus'd his hand.

And ſhall not Hymen light his brighteſt torch,
For this delighted pair? Ah, Junio knew,
His ſire deteſted his Theana's houſe! —
Thus duty, reverence, gratitude, conſpir'd
To check their happy union. He reſolv'd
(And many a ſigh that reſolution coſt)
To paſs the time, till death his ſire remov'd,
In viſiting old Europe's letter'd climes:
While ſhe (and many a tear that parting drew)
Embark'd, reluctant, for her native iſle.

Tho' learned, curious, and tho' nobly bent,
With each rare talent to adorn his mind,
His native land to ſerve; no joys he found. —
Yet ſprightly Gaul; yet Belgium, Saturn's reign;
Yet Greece, of old the ſeat of every Muſe,
Of freedom, courage; yet Auſonia's clime,
His ſteps explor'd; where painting, muſick's ſtrains,
Where arts, where laws, (philoſophy's beſt child),
With rival beauties, his attention claim'd.
To his juſt-judging, his inſtructed eye,
The all-perfect Medicean Venus ſeem'd
A perfect ſemblance of his Indian fair:
But, when ſhe ſpake of love, her voice ſurpaſs'd
The harmonious warblings of Italian ſong.

Twice

Twice one long year elaps'd, when letters came,
Which briefly told him of his father's death.
Afflicted, filial, yet to Heaven reſign'd,
Soon he reach'd Albion, and as ſoon embark'd,
Eager to claſp the object of his love.

Blow, proſperous breezes; ſwiftly ſail, thou Po:
Swift ſail'd the Po, and happy breezes blew.

In Biſcay's ſtormy ſeas an armed ſhip,
Of force ſuperior, from loud Charente's wave
Clapt them on board. The frighted flying crew
Their colours ſtrike; when dauntleſs Junio, fir'd
With noble indignation, kill'd the chief,
Who on the bloody deck dealt ſlaughter round.
The Gauls retreat; the Britons loud huzza;
And, touch'd with ſhame, with emulation ſtung
So plied their cannon, plied their miſſil fires,
That ſoon in air the hapleſs Thunderer blew.

Blow, proſperous breezes, ſwiftly ſail, thou Po,
May no more dangerous fights retard thy way!

Soon Porto Santo's rocky heights they ſpy,
Like clouds dim riſing in the diſtant air.

Ver. 499. Porto Santo] This is one of the Madeira Iſlands, and of courſe ſubject to the King of Portugal. It lies in 32. 33 degrees of N. latitude. It is neither ſo fruitful nor ſo large as Madeira Proper, and is chiefly peopled by convicts, &c.

Glad Eurus whiſtles; laugh the ſportive crew;
Each ſail is ſet to catch the favouring gale,
While on the yard-arm the harpooner ſits,
Strikes the Boneta, or the ſhark inſnares.
The fring'd Urtica ſpreads her purple form
To catch the gale, and dances o'er the waves:
Small winged fiſhes on the ſhrouds alight;
And beauteous dolphins gently played around.

Though faſter than the Tropic-bird they flew,
Oft Junio cried, ah! when ſhall we ſee land?

Ver. 504. the Boneta.] This fiſh, which is equal in ſize to the largeſt ſalmon, is only to be found in the warm latitudes. It is not a delicate food, but thoſe who have lived for any length of time on ſalt meats at ſea, do not diſlike it. Sir Hans Sloane, in his voyage to Jamaica, deſcribes the method of ſtriking them.

Ver. 504. or the ſhark] This voracious fiſh needs no deſcription; I have ſeen them from 15 to 20 feet long. Some naturaliſts call it Canis Carharias. They have been known to follow a ſlave-ſhip from Guinea to the Weſt-Indies. They ſwim with incredible celerity, and are found in ſome of the warmer ſeas of Europe, as well as between the tropics.

Ver. 505. Urtica] This fiſh the ſeamen call a Portugueſe man of war. It makes a moſt beautiful appearance on the Water.

Ver. 507. winged fiſhes] This extraordinary ſpecies of fiſh is only found in the warm latitudes. Being purſued in the Water by a fiſh of prey called Albacores, they betake themſelves in ſhoals to flight, and in the air are often ſnapt up by the Garayio, a ſea fowl. They ſometimes fall on the ſhrouds or decks of ſhips. They are well taſted, and commonly ſold at Barbadoes.

Ver. 508. dolphins] This is a moſt beautiful fiſh, when firſt taken out of the ſea; but its beauty vaniſhes, almoſt as ſoon as it is dead.

Ver. 509. Tropic-bird] The French call this bird Fregate, on account of its ſwift flying. It is only to be met with in the warm latitudes.

Soon

Soon land they made: and now in thought he claſpt
His Indian bride, and deem'd his toils o'erpaid.

She, no leſs amorous, every evening walk'd
On the cool margin of the purple main,
Intent her Junio's veſſel to deſcry.

One eve, faint calms for many a day had rag'd,
The winged dæmons of the tempeſt roſe;
Thunder, and rain, and lightning's awful power.
She fled: could innocence, could beauty claim
Exemption from the grave; the æthereal bolt,
That ſtretch'd her ſpeechleſs, o'er her lovely head
Had innocently roll'd:

Mean while, impatient Junio lept aſhore,
Regardleſs of the dæmons of the ſtorm,
Ah, youth! what woes, too great for man to bear,
Are ready to burſt on thee? Urge not ſo
Thy flying courſer. Soon Theana's porch
Receiv'd him: at his ſight, the ancient ſlaves
Affrighted ſhriek, and to the chamber point:—
Confounded, yet unknowing what they meant,
He entered haſty ——

Ah! what a ſight for one who lov'd ſo well!
All pale and cold, in every feature death,

Theana lay; and yet a glimpſe of joy
Played on her face, while with faint, faultering voice,
She thus addreſt the youth, whom yet ſhe knew.

" Welcome, my Junio, to thy native ſhore!
" Thy ſight repays this ſummons of my fate:
" Live, and live happy; ſometimes think of me:
" By night, by day, you ſtill engag'd my care;
" And, next to God, you now my thoughts employ:
" Accept of this — my little all I give;
" Would it were larger" — Nature could no more;
She look'd, embrac'd him, with a groan expir'd.

But ſay, what ſtrains, what language can expreſs
The thouſand pangs, which tore the lover's breaſt?
Upon her breathleſs corſe himſelf he threw,
And to her clay-cold lips, with trembling haſte,
Ten thouſand kiſſes gave. He ſtrove to ſpeak;
Nor words he found; he claſpt her in his arms;
He ſigh'd, he ſwoon'd, look'd up, and died away.

One grave contains this hapleſs, faithful pair;
And ſtill the Cane-iſles tell their matchleſs love!

The End of Book II.

THE SUGAR-CANE.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Hymn to the month of January, when crop begins. Addreſs. Planters have employment all the year round. Planters ſhould be pious. A ripe Cane-piece on fire at midnight. Crop begun. Cane cutting deſcribed. Effects of muſic. Great care requiſite in feeding the mill. Humanity towards the maimed recommended. The tainted Cane ſhould not be ground. Their uſe. How to preſerve the laths and mill-points from ſudden ſqualls. Addreſs to the Sun, and praiſe of Antigua. A cattle-mill deſcribed. Care of mules, &c. Diſeaſes to which they are ſubject. A water-mill the leaſt liable to interruption. Common in Guadaloupe and Martinico. Praiſe of Lord Romney. The neceſſity of a ſtrong, clear fire, in boiling. Planters ſhould always have a ſpare ſet of veſſels, becauſe the iron furnaces are apt to crack, and copper veſſels to melt. The danger of throwing cold water into a thorough heated furnace. Cleanlineſs, and ſkimming well, recommended. A boiling-houſe ſhould be lofty, and open at top, to the leeward. Conſtituent parts of vegetables. Sugar an eſſential ſalt. What retards its granulation. How to forward it. Dumb Cane. Effects of it. Briſtol-lime the beſt temper. Various uſes of Briſtol lime. Good muſcovado deſcribed. Bermudas lime recommended. The negroes ſhould not be hindered from drinking the hot liquor. The cheerfulneſs

fulneſs and healthineſs of the negroes in crop-time. Boilers to be encouraged. They ſhould neither boil the Sugar too little, nor too much. When the Sugar is of too looſe a grain, and about to boil over the teache, or laſt copper, a little greaſe ſettles it, and makes it boil cloſer. The French often mix ſand with their Sugars. This practice not followed by the Engliſh. A character. Of the ſkimmings. Their various uſes. Of Rum. Its praiſe. A Weſt-India proſpect, when crop is finiſhed. An addreſs to the Creoles, to live more upon their eſtates than they do. The reaſons.

THE SUGAR-CANE.

BOOK III.

FROM ſcenes of deep diſtreſs, the heavenly Muſe,
Emerging joyous, claps her dewy wings.
As when a pilgrim, in the howling waſte,
Hath long time wandered, fearful at each ſtep,
Of tumbling cliffs, fell ſerpents, whelming bogs;
At laſt, from ſome long eminence, deſcries
Fair haunts of ſocial life; wide-cultur'd plains,
O'er which glad reapers pour; he cheerly ſings:
So ſhe to ſprightlier notes her pipe attunes,
Than e'er theſe mountains heard; to gratulate,
With duteous carols, the beginning year.

HAIL,

Hail, eldeſt birth of time! in other climes,
In the old world, with tempeſts uſher'd in;
While rifled nature thine appearance wails,
And ſavage winter wields his iron mace:
But not the rockieſt verge of theſe green iſles,
Though mountains heap'd on mountains brave the ſky,
Dares winter, by his reſidence, profane.
At times the ruffian, wrapt in murky ſtate,
Inroads will, ſly, attempt; but ſoon the ſun,
Benign protector of the Cane-land iſles,
Repels the invader, and his rude mace breaks.
Here, every mountain, every winding dell,
(Haunt of the Dryads; where, beneath the ſhade
Of broad-leaf'd china, idly they repoſe,

Ver. 17. Though mountains heap'd on mountains] This particularly alludes to St. Kitt's; where one of the higheſt ridges of that chain of mountains, which run through its center, from one end of it to the other, bears upon it another mountain, which, ſomewhat reſembling the legendary prints of the devil's carrying on his ſhoulders St. Chriſtopher; or, as others write, of a giant, of that appellation, carrying our Saviour, in the form of a child, in the ſame manner, through a deep ſea; gave name to this Iſland.

Ver. 25. Of broad-leaf'd china,] The leaves of this medicinal tree are ſo large, that the negroes commonly uſe them to cover the water, which they bring in pails from the mountain, where it chiefly grows. The roots of this tree were introduced into European practice, ſoon after the venereal diſeaſe; but, unleſs they are freſh, it muſt be confeſſed they poſſeſs fewer virtues than either ſarſaparilla or lignum vitæ. It alſo grows in China, and many parts of the Eaſt-Indies, where it is greatly recommended in the gout, palſy, ſciatica, obſtructions, and obſtinate head-achs: but it can ſurely not effect the removal of theſe terrible diſorders; ſince, in China, the people eat the freſh-root, boiled with their meat, as we do turnips; and the better ſort, there, uſe a water diſtilled from it. The Spaniards call it Palo de China. The botanical name is Smilax.

Charm'd

Charm'd with the murmur of the tinkling rill;
Charm'd with the hummings of the neighbouring hive;)
Welcome thy glad approach: but chief the Cane,
Whoſe juice now longs to murmur down the ſpout,
Hails thy lov'd coming; January, hail!

O M***! thou, whoſe poliſh'd mind contains
Each ſcience uſeful to thy native iſle!
Philoſopher, without the hermit's ſpleen!
Polite, yet learned; and, tho' ſolid, gay!
Critic, whoſe head each beauty, fond, admires;
Whoſe heart each error flings in friendly ſhade!
Planter, whoſe youth ſage cultivation taught
Each ſecret leſſon of her ſylvan ſchool:
To thee the Muſe a grateful tribute pays;
She owes to thee the precepts of her ſong:
Nor wilt thou, ſour, refuſe; though other cares,
The public welfare, claim thy buſy hour;
With her to roam (thrice pleaſing devious walk)
The ripened cane-piece; and, with her, to taſte
(Delicious draught!) the nectar of the mill!

The planter's labour in a round revolves!
Ends with the year, and with the year begins.

Ye ſwains, to Heaven bend low in grateful prayer,
Worſhip the Almighty; whoſe kind-foſtering hand

Hath

Hath bleſt your labour, and hath given the Cane
To riſe ſuperior to each menac'd ill.

Nor leſs, ye planters, in devotion, ſue,
That nor the heavenly bolt, nor caſual ſpark,
Nor hand of malice, may the crop deſtroy.

Ah me! what numerous, deafning bells, reſound?
What cries of horror ſtartle the dull ſleep?
What gleaming brightneſs makes, at midnight, day,
By its portentous glare? Too well I ſee
Palæmon's fate; the virtuous, and the wiſe!
Where were ye, watches, when the flame burſt forth?
A little care had then the hydra quell'd:
But, now, what clouds of white ſmoke load the ſky!
How ſtrong, how rapid the combuſtion pours!
Aid not, ye winds! with your deſtroying breath,
The ſpreading vengeance.—They contemn my prayer.

Rous'd by the deafning bells, the cries, the blaze;
From every quarter, in tumultuous bands,
The Negroes ruſh; and 'mid the crackling flames,
Plunge, dæmon-like! All, all, urge every nerve:
This way, tear up thoſe Canes; daſh the fire out,
Which ſweeps, with ſerpent-error, o'er the ground.
There, hew theſe down; their topmoſt branches burn;

And

And here bid all thy watery engines play;
For here the wind the burning deluge drives.

In vain.—More wide the blazing torrent rolls;
More loud it roars, more bright it fires the pole!
And toward thy manſion, ſee, it bends its way.
Haſte! far, O far, your infant-throng remove:
Quick from your ſtables drag your ſteeds and mules:
With well-wet blankets guard your cypreſs-roofs;
And where thy dried Canes in large ſtacks are pil'd.—

Efforts but ſerve to irritate the flames:
Naught but thy ruin can their wrath appeaſe.
Ah, my Palæmon! what avail'd thy care,
Oft to prevent the earlieſt dawn of day,
And walk thy ranges, at the noon of night?
What tho' no ills aſſail'd thy bunching ſprouts,
And ſeaſons pour'd obedient to thy will:
All, all muſt periſh; nor ſhalt thou preſerve
Wherewith to feed thy little orphan throng.

O, may the Cane-iſles know few nights, like this!
For now the ſail-clad points, impatient, wait
The hour of ſweet releaſe, to court the gale.
The late-hung coppers wiſh to feel the warmth,

Ver. 81. And where thy dried Canes] The Cane-ſtalks which have been ground, are called Magoſs; probably a corruption of the French word Bagaſſe, which ſignifies the ſame thing. They make an excellent fewel.

Which well-dried fewel from the Cane imparts:
The Negro-train, with placid looks, ſurvey
Thy fields, which full perfection have attain'd,
And pant to wield the bill: (no ſurly watch
Dare now deprive them of the luſcious cane:)
Nor thou, my friend, their willing ardour check;
Encourage rather; cheerful toil is light.
So from no field, ſhall flow-pac'd oxen draw
More frequent loaded wanes; which many a day,
And many a night ſhall feed thy crackling mills
With richeſt offerings: while thy far-ſeen flames,
Burſting thro' many a chimney, bright emblaze
The Æthiop-brow of night. And ſee, they pour
(Ere Phoſphor his pale circlet yet withdraws,
What time grey dawn ſtands tip-toe on the hill,)
O'er the rich Cane-grove: Muſe, their labour ſing.

Some bending, of their ſapleſs burden eaſe
The yellow jointed canes, (whoſe height exceeds
A mounted trooper, and whoſe clammy round
Meaſures two inches full;) and near the root
Lop the ſtem off, which quivers in their hand
With fond impatience: ſoon its branchy ſpires,
(Food to thy cattle) it reſigns; and ſoon
It's tender prickly tops, with eyes thick ſet,
To load with future crops thy long-hoed land.
Theſe with their green, their pliant branches bound,
(For not a part of this amazing plant,
But ſerves ſome uſeful purpoſe) charge the young:
Not lazineſs declines this eaſy toil;
Even lameneſs, from its leafy pallet, crawls,

To

To join the favoured gang. What of the Cane
Remains, and much the largeſt part remains,
Cut into junks a yard in length, and tied
In ſmall light bundles; load the broad-wheel'd wane,
The mules crook-harneſt, and the ſturdier crew,
With ſweet abundance. As on Lincoln-plains
(Ye plains of Lincoln, ſound your Dyer's praiſe!)
When the lav'd ſnow-white flocks are numerous penn'd;
The ſenior ſwains, with ſharpen'd ſhears, cut off
The fleecy veſtment; others ſtir the tar;
And ſome impreſs, upon their captives ſides,
Their maſter's cypher; while the infant throng
Strive by the horns to hold the ſtruggling ram,
Proud of their proweſs. Nor mean while the jeſt
Light-bandied round, but innocent of ill;
Nor choral ſong are wanting: eccho rings.

Nor need the driver, Æthiop authoriz'd,
Thence more inhuman, crack his horrid whip;
From ſuch dire ſounds the indignant muſe averts
Her virgin-ear, where muſic loves to dwell:
'Tis malice now, 'tis wantonneſs of power
To laſh the laughing, labouring, ſinging throng.

What cannot ſong? all nature feels its power:
The hind's blithe whiſtle, as thro' ſtubborn ſoils
He drives the ſhining ſhare; more than the goad,
His tardy ſteers impels.—The muſe hath ſeen,

When health danc'd frolic in her youthful veins,
And vacant gambols wing'd the laughing hours;
The muſe hath ſeen on Annan's paſtoral hills,
Of theft and ſlaughter erſt the fell retreat,
But now the ſhepherd's beſt-beloved walk:
Hath ſeen the ſhepherd, with his ſylvan pipe,
Lead on his flock o'er crags, thro' bogs, and ſtreams,
A tedious journey; yet not weary they,
Drawn by the enchantment of his artleſs ſong.
What cannot muſic?—When brown Ceres aſks
The reapers ſickle; what like magic ſound,
Puff'd from ſonorous bellows by the ſqueeze
Of tuneful artiſt can the rage diſarm
Of the ſwart dog-ſtar, and make harveſt light?

And now thy mills dance eager in the gale;
Feed well their eagerneſs: but O beware;
Nor truſt, between the ſteel-cas'd cylinders,
The hand incautious: off the member ſnapt
Thou'lt ever rue; ſad ſpectacle of woe!

Are

Ver. 168. Off the member ſnapt] This accident will ſometimes happen, eſpecially in the night; and the unfortunate wretch muſt fall a victim to his imprudence or ſleepineſs, if a hatchet do not immediately ſtrike off the entangled member; or the mill be not inſtantly put out of the wind.

Pere Labat ſays, he was informed the Engliſh were wont, as a puniſhment, thus to grind their negroes to death. But one may venture to affirm this puniſhment never had the ſanction of law; and if any Engliſhman ever did grind his negroes to death, I will take upon me to aver, he was univerſally deteſted by his countrymen.

Indeed the bare ſuſpicion of ſuch a piece of barbarity leaves a ſtain; and therefore authors cannot be too cautious of admitting into

ARE there, the muſe can ſcarce believe the tale;
Are there, who, loſt to every feeling ſenſe,
To reaſon, intereſt loſt; their ſlaves deſert,
And manumit them, generous boon! to ſtarve
Maim'd by imprudence, or the hand of Heaven?
The good man feeds his blind, his aged ſteed,
That in his ſervice ſpent his vigorous prime:
And dares a mortal to his fellow-man,
(For ſpite of vanity, thy ſlaves are men)
Deny protection? Muſe, ſuppreſs the tale.

YE! who in bundles bind the lopt-off Canes;
But chiefly ye! who feed the tight-brac'd mill;
In ſeparate parcels, far, the infected fling:
Of bad Cane-juice the leaſt admixture ſpoils
The richeſt, ſoundeſt; thus, in paſtoral walks,
One tainted ſheep contaminates the fold.

NOR yet to dung-heaps thou reſign the canes,
Which or the ſun hath burnt, or rats have gnaw'd.
Theſe, to ſmall junks reduc'd, and in huge caſks
Steept, where no cool winds blow; do thou fer-
ment:—

into their writings, any inſinuation that bears hard on the humanity of a people.

Daily obſervation affords but too many proofs, where domeſtic ſlavery does not obtain, of the fatal conſequences of indulged paſſion and revenge; but where one man is the abſolute property of another, thoſe paſſions may perhaps receive additional activity: planters, therefore, cannot be too much on their guard againſt the firſt ſallies of paſſion; as by indulgence, paſſion, like a favourite, will at laſt grow independently powerful.

Then, when from his entanglements inlarg'd,
Th' evaſive ſpirit mounts, by Vulcan's aid,
(Nor Amphitryte will her help deny,)
Do thou through all his winding ways purſue
The runaway; till, in thy ſparkling bowl
Confin'd, he dances; more a friend to life,
And joy, than that Nepenthe, fam'd of yore,
Which Polydamna, Thone's imperial queen.
Taught Jove-born Helen on the banks of Nile.

As on old ocean, when the wind blows high,
The cautious mariner contracts his ſail;
So here, when ſqualy burſts the ſpeeding gale,
If thou from ruin wouldſt thy points preſerve,
Leſs-bellying canvaſs to the ſtorm oppoſe.

Yet the faint breeze oft flags on liſtleſs wings,
Nor tremulates the coco's airieſt arch,
While the red ſun darts deluges of fire;
And ſoon (if on the gale thy crop depend,)
Will all thy hopes of opulence defeat.

"Informer of the planetary train!"
Source undiminiſhed of all-cheering light,
Of roſeat beauty, and heart-gladd'ning joy!
Fountain of Being, on whoſe water broods
The organic ſpirit, principle of life!
Lord of the Seaſons! who in courtly pomp

Ver. 191. Amphitryte] A mixture of ſea water; it is a real improvement in the diſtillation of rum.

Lacquay

Lacquay thy Preſence, and, with glad diſpatch,
Pour at thy bidding, o'er the land and ſea!
Parent of Vegetation, whoſe fond graſp
The Sugar-cane diſplays; and whoſe green car
Soft-ſtealing dews, with liquid pearls adorn'd,
Fat-foſtering rains, and buxom genial airs
Attend triumphant! Why, ah why ſo oft,
Why hath Antigua, ſweetly ſocial iſle,
Nurſe of each art; where ſcience yet finds friends
Amid this waſte of waters; wept thy rage?

Then truſt not, planter, to the unſteddy gale;
But in Tobago's endleſs foreſts fell
The tall tough hiccory, or calaba.
Of this, be forc'd two pillars in the ground,
Four paces diſtant, and two cubits high:
Other two pillars raiſe; the wood the ſame,

Ver. 222. Why hath Antigua,] This beautiful iſland lies in 16 degrees and 14 min. N. lat. It was long uninhabited on account of its wanting freſh-water rivers; but is now more fully peopled, and as well cultivated as any of the leeward iſlands. In a ſeaſonable year, it has made 30,000 hogſheads of ſugar. It has no very high mountains. The ſoil is, in general, clayey. The water of the body-ponds may be uſed for every purpoſe of life. Antigua is well fortified, and has a good militia.

Ver. 227. hiccory,] This is a lofty ſpreading tree, of very hard wood, excellently adapted to the purpoſes of the mill-wright. The nut, whoſe ſhell is thick, hard, and roughiſh, contains an agreeable and wholeſome kernel. It grows in great abundance in St. Croix, Crab-Iſland and Tobago.

Ver. 227. calaba.] This lofty tree is commonly called Maſtic: it is a hard wood, and is found in the places where the hiccory grows. The flowers are yellow, and are ſucceeded by a fruit, which bears a diſtant reſemblance to a ſhrub.

Of

Of equal ſize and height. The calaba
Than ſteel more durable, contemns the rain,
And ſun's intenſeſt beam; the worm, that peſt
Of mariners, which winds its fatal way
Through heart of Britiſh oak, reluctant leaves
The cloſer calaba.—By tranſverſe beams
Secure the whole; and in the pillar'd frame,
Sink, artiſt, the vaſt bridge-tree's mortis'd form
Of ponderous hiccory; hiccory time defies:
To this be nail'd three poliſh'd iron plates;
Whereon, three ſteel Capouces, turn with eaſe,
Of three long rollers, twice-nine inches round,
With iron cas'd, and jagg'd with many a cogg.
The central Cylinder exceeds the reſt
In portly ſize, thence aptly Captain nam'd.
To this be rivetted th' extended ſweeps;
And harneſs to each ſweep two ſeaſoned mules:
They pacing round, give motion to the whole.
The cloſe brac'd cylinders with eaſe revolve
On their greas'd axle; and with eaſe reduce
To traſh, the Canes thy negroes throw between.
Faſt flows the liquour through the lead-lin'd ſpouts;
And, depurated by oppoſing wires,
In the receiver floats a limpid ſtream.
So twice five caſks, with muſcovado fill'd,
Shall from thy ſtaunchions drip, ere Day's bright god
Hath in the Atlantic ſix times cool'd his wheels.

WOULDST thou againſt calamity provide?

Let

Let a well ſhingled roof, from Raleigh's land,
Defend thy ſtock from noon's inclement blaze,
And from night-dews; for night no reſpite knows.

Nor, when their deſtin'd labour is perform'd,
Be thou aſham'd to lead the panting mules
(The muſe, ſoft parent of each ſocial grace,
With eyes of love God's whole creation views)
To the warm pen; where copious forage ſtrowed,
And ſtrenuous rubbing, renovate their ſtrength.
So, fewer ails, (alas, how prone to ails!)
Their days ſhall ſhorten; ah, too ſhort at beſt!

For not, even then, my friend, art thou ſecure
From fortune: ſpite of all thy ſteady care,
What ills, that laugh to ſcorn Machaon's art,
Await thy cattle! farcy's tabid form,

Ver. 259. Raleigh's land,] Sir Walter Raleigh gave the name of Virginia, in honour of Q. Elizabeth, to the whole of the north-eaſt of North America, which Sebaſtian Cabot, a native of Briſtol, (though others call him a Venetian,) firſt diſcovered, A. D. 1497, in the time of K. Henry VII. by whom he was employed; but no advantages could be reaped from this diſcovery, on account of the various diſturbances that enſued in England during the ſucceeding reigns, till about the year 1584, Q. Elizabeth gave Sir Walter Raleigh a patent for all ſuch land, from 33. to 40. N. lat. as he ſhould chuſe to ſettle with Engliſh, reſerving only to the crown a fifth part of all the gold and ſilver which ſhould therein be diſcovered, in lieu of all ſervices. Accordingly ſeveral embarkations were fitted out from England, but all to no purpoſe. Some farther attempts, however, were made to ſettle this part of the country in the ſucceeding reign; but it was not till the year 1620, that a regular form of government took place. Then was tobacco planted, and negroes imported into Virginia. Since that time it has gradually improved, and does not now contain fewer than 100,000 white people of better condition, beſides twice as many ſervants and ſlaves. The beſt ſhingles come from Egg-Harbour.

Joint-

Joint-racking ſpaſms, and cholic's pungent pang,
Need the muſe tell? which, in one luckleſs moon,
Thy ſheds diſpeople; when perhaps thy groves,
To full perfection ſhot, by day, by night,
Indefinent demand their vigorous toil.

THEN happieſt he, for whom the Naiads pour,
From rocky urns, the never-ceaſing ſtream,
To turn his rollers with unbought diſpatch.

IN Karukera's rich well-water'd iſle!
In Matanina! boaſt of Albion's arms,
The brawling Naiads for the planters toil,
Howe'er unworthy; and, through ſolemn ſcenes,
Romantic, cool, with rock and woods between,
Enchant the ſenſes! but among thy ſwains,
Sweet Liamuiga! who ſuch bliſs can boaſt?
Yes, Romney, thou may'ſt boaſt; of Britiſh heart,
Of courtly manners, join'd to antient worth:
Friend to thy Britain's every blood-earn'd right,
From tyrants wrung, the many or the few.
By wealth, by titles, by ambition's lure,
Not to be tempted from fair honour's path:
While others, falſely flattering their Prince,
Bold diſapprov'd, or by oblique ſurmiſe
Their terror hinted, of the people arm'd;
Indignant, in the ſenate, he uproſe,

Ver. 282. Karukera] The Indian name of Guadaloupe.

Ver. 283. Matanina] The Caribbean name of Martinico.—The Havannah had not been taken by the Engliſh, when this poem was written.

And,

And, with the well-urg'd energy of zeal,
Their ſpecious, ſubtle ſophiſtry diſprov'd;
The importance, the neceſſity diſplay'd,
Of civil armies, freedom's ſureſt guard!
Nor in the ſenate didſt thou only win
The palm of eloquence, ſecurely bold;
But rear'dſt thy banners, fluttering in the wind:
Kent, from each hamlet, pour'd her marſhal'd ſwains,
To hurl defiance on the threatening Gaul.

THY foaming coppers well with fewel feed;
For a clear, ſtrong, continued fire improves
Thy muſcovado's colour, and its grain.—
Yet vehement heat, protracted, will conſume
Thy veſſels, whether from the martial mine,
Or from thine ore, bright Venus, they are drawn;
Or hammer, or hot fuſion, give them form.
If prudence guides thee then, thy ſtores ſhall hold
Of well-ſiz'd veſſels a complete ſupply:
For every hour, thy boilers ceaſe to ſkim,
(Now Cancer reddens with the ſolar ray,)
Defeats thy honeſt purpoſes of gain.

NOR ſmall the riſque, (when piety, or chance,
Force thee from boiling to deſiſt) to lave

Ver. 312. Thy veſſels,] The veſſels, wherein the Cane-juice is reduced to Sugar by coction, are made of iron or of copper. Each ſort hath its advantages and diſadvantages. The teache, or ſmalleſt veſſel from whence the Sugar is laved into the cooler, is generally copper. When it melts, it can be patched; but, when the large ſort of veſſels, called iron-furnaces, crack, which they are too apt to do, no further uſe can be made of them.

Thy

Thy heated furnace, with the gelid ſtream.
The chemiſt knows, when all-diſſolving fire
Bids the metalline ore abruptly flow;
What dread exploſions, and what dire effects,
A few cold drops of water will produce.
Uncautious, on the novel fluid thrown.

For grain and colour, wouldſt thou win, my friend,
At every curious mart, the conſtant palm?
O'er all thy works let cleanlineſs preſide,
Child of frugality; and as the ſcum
Thick mantles o'er the boiling wave, do thou
The ſcum that mantles carefully remove.

From bloating dropſy, from pulmonic ails,
Wouldſt thou defend thy boilers, (prime of ſlaves,)
For days, for nights, for weeks, for months, involv'd
In the warm vapour's all-relaxing ſteam?
Thy boiling houſe be lofty: all atop
Open, and pervious to the Tropic breeze;
Whoſe cool perflation, wooed through many a grate,
Diſpels the ſteam, and gives the lungs to play.

The ſkill'd in chemia, boaſt of modern arts,
Know from experiment, the fire of truth,
In many a plant that oil, and acid juice,
And ropy mucilage, by nature live:

Ver. 339. Open, and pervious] This alſo aſſiſts the chryſtallization of Sugar.

Theſe,

Theſe, envious, ſtop the much deſir'd embrace
Of the eſſential ſalts, tho' coction bid
The aqueous particles to mount in air.

'Mong ſalts eſſential, ſugar wins the palm,
For taſte, for colour, and for various uſe:
And, in the nectar of the yelloweſt cane,
Much acor, oil, and mucilage abound:
But in the leſs mature, from mountain-land,
Theſe harſh intruders ſo redundant float,
Muſter ſo ſtrong, as ſcarce to be ſubdu'd.

Muse, ſing the ways to quell them. Some uſe Cane,
That Cane whoſe juices, to the tongue apply'd,
In

Ver. 350. For taſte, for colour, and for various uſe:] It were impoſſible, in the ſhort limits of a note, to enumerate the various uſes of Sugar; and, indeed, as theſe are in general ſo well known; it is needleſs. A few properties of it, however, wherewith the learned are not commonly acquainted, I ſhall mention. In ſome places of the Eaſt-Indies, an excellent arrack is made from the Sugar-cane: And, in South-America, Sugar is uſed as an antidote againſt one of the moſt ſudden, as well as fatal poiſons in the world. Taken by mouth, "pocula morte carent," this poiſon is quite innocent; but the ſlighteſt wound made by an arrow, whoſe point is tinged therewith, proves immediate death; for, by driving all the blood of the body immediately to the heart, it forthwith burſts it. The fiſh and birds killed by theſe poiſoned arrows (in the uſe of which the Indians are aſtoniſhingly expert) are perfectly wholeſome to feed on. See Ulloa and De la Condamine's account of the great river of Amazon. It is a vegetable preparation.

Ver. 357. That Cane] This, by the natives, is emphatically called the Dumb Cane; for a ſmall quantity of its juice being rubbed on the brim of a drinking veſſel, whoever drinks out of it, ſoon after will have his lips and tongue enormouſly ſwelled. A phyſician, however, who wrote a ſhort account of the diſeaſes of

In ſilence lock it, ſudden, and conſtrain'd,
(Death to Xantippe,) with diſtorting pain.

Nor is it not effectual: but wouldſt thou
Have rival brokers for thy cades contend;
Superior arts remain.—Small caſks provide,
Replete with lime-ſtone thoroughly calcin'd,
And from the air ſecur'd: this Briſtol ſends,
Briſtol, Britannia's ſecond mart and eye!

Nor "to thy waters only truſt for fame,"
Briſtol; nor to thy beamy diamonds truſt:
Tho' theſe oft deck Britannia's lovely fair;
And thoſe oft ſave the guardians of her realm.
Thy marble quarries claim the voice of praiſe,
Which rich incruſts thy Avon banks, ſweet banks!
Tho' not to you young Shakeſpear, Fancy's child,
All-rudely warbled his firſt woodland notes;
Tho' not your caves, while terror ſtalk'd around,
Saw him eſſay to clutch the ideal ſword,
With drops of blood diſtain'd: yet, lovely banks,
On you reclin'd, another tun'd his pipe;
Whom all the Muſes emulouſly love,
And in whoſe ſtrains your praiſes ſhall endure,
While to Sabrina ſpeeds your healing ſtream.

Jamaica, in Charles II.'s time, recommends it both by the mouth and externally, in dropſical and other caſes: But I cannot ſay, I have had any experience of its efficacy in theſe diſorders. It grows wild in the mountains; and, by its uſe in Sugar-making, ſhould ſeem to be ſomewhat of an alcaleſcent nature. It grows to four feet high, having, at the top, two green ſhining leaves, about nine inches long; and, between theſe, a ſmall ſpire emerges.

Briſtol,

Bristol, without thy marble, by the flame
Calcin'd to whiteneſs, vain the ſtately reed
Would ſwell with juice mellifluent; heat would ſoon
The ſtrongeſt, beſt-hung furnaces, conſume.
Without its aid the cool-impriſon'd ſtream,
Seldom allow'd to view the face of day,
Tho' late it roam'd a denizen of air;
Would ſteal from its involuntary bounds,
And, by ſly windings, ſet itſelf at large.
But chief thy lime the experienc'd boiler loves,
Nor loves ill-founded; when no other art
Can bribe to union the coy floating ſalts,
A proper portion of this precious duſt,
Caſt in the wave, (ſo ſhowers alone of gold
Could win fair Danae to the God's embrace;)
With nectar'd muſcovado ſoon will charge
Thy ſhelving coolers, which, ſeverely preſs'd
Between the fingers, not reſolves; and which
Rings in the caſk; and or a light-brown hue,
Or thine, more precious ſilvery-grey, aſſumes.

The fam'd Bermuda's ever-healthy iſles,
More fam'd by gentle Waller's deathleſs ſtrains,
Than for their cedars, which, inſulting, fly
O'er the wide ocean; 'mid their rocks contain
A ſtone, which, when calcin'd, (experience ſays,)
Is only ſecond to Sabrina's lime.

While flows the juice mellifluent from the Cane,
Grudge not, my friend, to let thy ſlaves, each morn,
But chief the ſick and young, at ſetting day,
Themſelves regale with oft-repeated draughts
Of tepid Nectar; ſo ſhall health and ſtrength
Confirm thy Negroes, and make labour light.

While flame thy chimneys, while thy coppers foam,
How blithe, how jocund, the plantation ſmiles!
By day, by night, reſounds the choral ſong
Of glad barbarity; ſerene, the ſun
Shines not intenſely hot; the trade-wind blows:
How ſweet, how ſilken, is its noon-tide breath?
While to far climes the fell deſtroyer, Death,
Wings his dark flight. Then ſeldom pray for rain:
Rather for cloudleſs days thy prayers prefer;
For, if the ſkies too frequently relent,
Crude flows the Cane-juice, and will long elude
The boiler's varieſt ſkill: thy Canes will ſpring
To an unthrifty loftineſs; or, weigh'd
Down by their load, (Ambition's curſe,) decay.

Encourage thou thy boilers; much depends
On their ſkill'd efforts. If too ſoon they ſtrike,
Ere

Ver. 428. If too ſoon they ſtrike,] When the Cane-juice is granulated ſufficiently, which is known by the Sugar's ſticking to the ladle, and roping like a ſyrup, but breaking off from its edges; it is poured into a cooler, where, its ſurface being ſmoothed, the chryſtallization is ſoon completed. This is called ſtriking. The general precept is to temper high, and ſtrike low, when the Muſcovado

Ere all the watery particles have fled;
Or lime ſufficient granulate the juice:
In vain the thick'ning liquor is effus'd;
An heterogeneous, an uncertain maſs,
And never in thy coolers to condenſe.

Or, planter, if the coction they prolong
Beyond its ſtated time; the viſcous wave
Will in huge flinty maſſes chryſtallize,
Which forceful fingers ſcarce can crumble down;
And which with its melaſſes ne'er will part:
Yet this, faſt-dripping in nectarious drops,
Not only betters what remains, but when
With art fermented, yields a noble wine,
Than which nor Gallia, nor the Indian clime,
Where rolls the Ganges, can a nobler ſhow.
So miſers in their coffers lock that gold;
Which, if allowed at liberty to roam,
Would better them, and benefit mankind.

In the laſt coppers, when the embrowning wave
With ſudden fury ſwells; ſome greaſe immix'd,
The foaming tumult ſudden will compoſe,
And force to union the divided grain.

covado is of a proper conſiſtence, it is dug out of the cooler, and put into hogſheads; this is called potting. The caſks being placed upon ſtaunchions, the melaſſes drips from them into a ciſtern, made on purpoſe, below them, to receive it. The Sugar is ſufficiently cured, when the hogſhead rings upon being ſtruck with a ſtick; and when the two canes, which are put into every caſk, ſhew no melaſſes upon them, when drawn out of it.

So when two ſwarms in airy battle join,
The winged heroes heap the bloody field;
Until ſome duſt, thrown upward in the ſky,
Quell the wild conflict, and ſweet peace reſtore.

False Gallia's ſons, that hoe the ocean-iſles,
Mix with their Sugar, loads of worthleſs ſand,
Fraudful, their weight of ſugar to increaſe.
Far be ſuch guile from Britain's honeſt ſwains.
Such arts, awhile, the unwary may ſurpriſe,
And benefit the impoſtor; but, ere long,
The ſkilful buyer will the fraud detect,
And, with abhorrence, reprobate the name.

Fortune had crown'd Avaro's younger years,
With a vaſt tract of land, on which the Cane
Delighted grew, nor aſk'd the toil of art.
The Sugar-bakers deem'd themſelves ſecure
Of mighty profit, could they buy his canes;
For, whiteneſs, hardneſs, to the leeward crop,
His muſcovado gave. But, not content
With this pre-eminence of honeſt gain,
He baſer ſugars ſtarted in his caſks;
His own, by mixing ſordid things, debas'd.
One year the fraud ſucceeded; wealth immenſe
Flowed in upon him, and he bleſt his wiles:
Then next, the brokers ſpurn'd the adulterate maſs,
Both on the Avon and the banks of Thame.

Be thrifty, planter, even thy ſkimmings ſave:
For, planter, know, the refuſe of the Cane
Serves needful purpoſes. Are barbecues
The cates thou lov'ſt? What like rich ſkimmings feed
The grunting, briſtly kind? Your labouring mules
They ſoon invigorate: give old Baynard theſe,
Untir'd he trudges in his deſtin'd round;
Nor need the driver crack his horrid laſh.

Yet, with ſmall quantities indulge the ſteed,
Whom ſkimmings ne'er have fatten'd: elſe, too fond,
So gluttons uſe, he'll eat intemperate meals;
And, ſtaggering, fall the prey of ravening ſharks.

But ſay, ye boon companions, in what ſtrains,
What grateful ſtrains, ſhall I record the praiſe
Of their beſt produce, heart-recruiting rum?
Thrice wholeſome ſpirit! well-matur'd with age,
Thrice grateful to the palate! when, with thirſt,
With heat, with labour, and wan care oppreſs'd,
I quaff thy bowl, where fruit my hands have cull'd,
Round, golden fruit; where water from the ſpring,
Which dripping coolneſs ſpreads her umbrage round;
With hardeſt, whiteſt ſugar, thrice refin'd;
Dilates my ſoul with genuine joy; low care
I ſpurn indignant; toil a pleaſure ſeems,

For not Marne's flowery banks, nor Tille's green bounds,
Where Ceres with the God of vintage reigns,
In happieſt union; not Vigornian hills,
Pomona's lov'd abode, afford to man
Goblets more priz'd or laudable of taſte,
To ſlake parch'd thirſt, and mitigate the clime.

Yet, 'mid this bleſt ebriety, ſome tears,
For friends I left in Albion's diſtant iſle,
For Johnſon, Percy, White, eſcape mine eyes:
For her, fair Auth'reſs! whom firſt Calpe's rocks
A ſportive infant ſaw; and whoſe green years
True genius bleſt with her benigneſt gifts
Of happieſt fancy. O, were ye all here,
O, were ye here; with him, my Pæon's ſon!
Long-known, of worth approv'd, thrice candid ſoul!
How would your converſe charm the lonely hour?
Your converſe, where mild wiſdom tempers mirth;
And charity, the petulance of wit;
How would your converſe poliſh my rude lays,
With what new, noble images adorn?
Then ſhould I ſcarce regret the banks of Thames,

Ver. 501. Marne's flowery banks, nor Tille's] Two rivers in France, along whoſe banks grow the beſt Burgundy and Champagne grapes.

Ver. 510. For her, fair Auth'reſs!] Mrs. Lennox.

All

All as we ſat beneath that ſand-box ſhade;
Whence the delighted eye expatiates wide
O'er the fair landſcape; where, in lovelieſt forms,
Green cultivation hath array'd the land.

See! there, what mills, like giants raiſe their arms,
To quell the ſpeeding gale! what ſmoke aſcends
From every boiling houſe! what ſtructures riſe,
Neat though not lofty, pervious to the breeze;
With galleries, porches, or piazzas grac'd!
Nor not delightful are thoſe red-built huts,
On yonder hill, that front the riſing ſun;
With plantanes, with banana's boſom'd-deep,
That flutter in the wind: where frolick goats,
Butt the young negroes, while their ſwarthy ſires,
With ardent gladneſs wield the bill; and hark,
The crop is finiſh'd, how they rend the ſky!—

Nor, beauteous only ſhows the cultured ſoil,
From this cool ſtation. No leſs charms the eye
That wild interminable waſte of waves:

Ver. 522. ſand-box] So called, from the pericarpium's being often made uſe of for containing ſand; when the ſeeds, which are a violent emetic, are taken out. This is a fine ſhady tree, eſpecially when young; and its leaves are efficaciouſly applied in head-achs to the temples, which they ſweat. It grows faſt; but loſes much of its beauty by age. Its wood is brittle, and when cut emits a milky juice, which is not cauſtic. The ſand-box thrives beſt in warm ſhady places. The ſun often ſplits the pericarpium, which then cracks like a piſtol. It is round, flatted both above and below, and divided into a great number of regular compartments, each of which contains one ſeed flatted ovularly. The botanical name is Hura.

While

While on the horizon's fartheſt verge are ſeen
Iſlands of different ſhape, and different ſize;
While ſail-clad ſhips, with their ſweet produce fraught,
Swell on the ſtraining ſight; while near yon rock,
On which ten thouſand wings with ceaſeleſs clang
Their airies build, a water-ſpout deſcends,
And ſhakes mid ocean; and while there below,
That town, embowered in the different ſhade
Of tamarinds, panſpans, and papaws, o'er which
A double Iris throws her painted arch,
Shows commerce toiling in each crowded ſtreet,
And each throng'd ſtreet with limpid currents lav'd.

WHAT tho' no bird of ſong, here charms the ſenſe
With her wild minſtrelſy; far, far beyond,
The unnatural quavers of Heſperion throats!
Tho' the chaſte poet of the vernal woods,

Ver. 549. panſpans,] See the notes on Book II.

Ver. 549. papaws,] This ſingular tree, whoſe fruits ſurround its ſummit immediately under the branches and leaves, like a necklace grows quicker than almoſt any other in the Weſt-Indies. The wood is of no uſe, being ſpongy, hollow, and herbacious; however, the bloſſoms and fruit make excellent ſweet-meats; but above all, the juice of the fruit being rubbed on a ſpit, will intenerate new killed fowls, &c. a circumſtance of great conſequence in a climate, where the warmth ſoon renders whatever meats are attempted to be made tender by keeping, unfit for culinary purpoſes. Nor will it only intenerate freſh meat; but, being boiled with ſalted beef, will render it eaſiy digeſtible. Its milky juice is ſometimes uſed to cure ringworms. It is ſaid, that the guts of hogs would in time be lacerated, were they to feed on the ripe, unpeeled fruit. Its ſeed is ſaid to be anthelmintic. The botanical name is Papaya.

That

That ſhuns rude folly's din, delight not here
The liſtening eve; and tho' no herald-lark
Here leave his couch, high-towering to deſcry
The approach of dawn, and hail her with his ſong:
Yet not unmuſical the tinkling lapſe
Of yon cool argent rill, which Phœbus gilds
With his firſt orient rays; yet muſical,
Thoſe buxom airs that through the plantanes play,
And tear with wantonneſs their leafy ſcrolls;
Yet not unmuſical the waves hoarſe ſound,
That daſhes, ſullen, on the diſtant ſhore;
Yet muſical thoſe little inſects hum,
That hover round us, and to reaſon's ear,
Deep, moral truths convey; while every beam
Flings on them tranſient tints, which vary when
They wave their purple plumes; yet muſical
The love-lorn cooing of the mountain-dove,
That woos to pleaſing thoughtfulneſs the ſoul;
But chief the breeze, that murmurs through yon Canes,
Enchants the ear with tunable delight.

While ſuch fair ſcenes adorn theſe bliſsful iſles;
Why will their ſons, ungrateful, roam abroad?
Why ſpend their opulence in other climes?

Say, is pre-eminence your partial aim?—
Diſtinction courts you here; the ſenate calls.
Here, crouching ſlaves, attendant wait your nod:

While

While there, unnoted, but for folly's garb,
For folly's jargon; your dull hours ye paſs,
Eclips'd by titles, and ſuperior wealth.

Does martial ardour fire your generous veins?
Fly to your native iſles: Bellona, there,
Hath long time rear'd her bloody flag; theſe iſles
Your ſtrenuous arms demand; for ye are brave!
Nor longer to the lute and tabor's ſound
Weave antic meaſures. O, could my weak ſong,
O could my ſong, like his, heaven-favoured bard,
Who led deſponding Sparta's oft-beat hoſts,
To victory, to glory; fire your ſouls
With Engliſh ardor! for now England's ſwains
(The Man of Norfolk, ſwains of England, thank;)
All emulous, to Freedom's ſtandard fly,
And drive invaſion from their native ſhore:
How would my ſoul exult with conſcious pride;
Nor grudge thoſe wreaths Tyrtæus gain'd of yore.

Or, are ye fond of rich luxurious cates?—
Can aught in Europe emulate the pine,
Or fruit forbidden, native of your iſles?
Sons of Apicius, ſay, can Europe's ſeas,
Can aught the edible creation yields,

Ver. 596. The Man of Norfolk,] The Honourable General George Townſhend.

Compare

Compare with turtle, boaſt of land and wave?
Can Europe's ſeas, in all their finny realms,
Aught ſo delicious as the Jew-fiſh ſhow?
Tell me what viands, land or ſtreams produce,
The large, black, female, moulting crab excel?
A richer flavour not wild Cambria's hills,
Nor Scotia's rocks, with health and thyme o'er-ſpread,
Give to their flocks; than, lone Barduda, you,
Than you, Anguilla, to your ſheep impart.
Even Britain's vintage, here, improv'd, we quaff;
Even Luſitanian, even Heſperian wines.
Thoſe from the Rhine's imperial banks (poor Rhine!
How have thy banks been died with brother-blood?

Ver. 608. Jew-fiſh] This, tho' a very large, is one of the moſt delicate fiſhes that ſwim; being preferable to caramaw, king-fiſh, or camaree: ſome even chuſe it before turtle. The Jew-fiſh is often met with at Antigua, which enjoys the happineſs of having on its coaſt few, if any, poiſonous fiſhes.

Ver. 613. Barbuda,] This is a low, and not large ſtock-iſland, belonging to the Codrington family. Part of this iſland, as alſo two plantations in Barbadoes, were left by Colonel Chriſtopher Codrington, for building a College in Barbadoes, and converting Negroes to the Chriſtian Religion.

Ver. 614. Anguilla,] This iſland is about 30 miles long and ten broad. Though not mountainous, it is rocky, and abounds with ſtrong paſſes; ſo that a few of its inhabitants, who are indeed expert in the uſe of fire-arms, repulſed, with great ſlaughter, a conſiderable detachment of French, who made a deſcent thereon in the war preceding the laſt. Cotton and cattle are its chief commodities. Many of the inhabitants are rich; the captain-general of the Leeward-Iſlands nominates the governor and council. They have no aſſembly.

Unnatural warfare!) ſtrength and flavour gain
In this delicious clime. Beſides, the Cane,
Wafted to every quarter of the globe,
Makes the vaſt produce of the world your own.

Or rather, doth the love of nature charm?
Its mighty love your chief attention claim:
Leave Europe; there, through all her coyeſt ways,
Her ſecret mazes, nature is purſued;
But here, with ſavage lonelineſs, ſhe reigns
On yonder peak, whence giddy fancy looks,
Affrighted, on the labouring main below.
Heavens! what ſtupendous, what unnumbered trees,
"Stage above ſtage, in various verdure dreſt,"
Unprofitable ſhag its airy cliffs!
Heavens! what new ſhrubs, what herbs, with uſeleſs bloom,
Adorn its channel'd ſides; and, in its caves,
What ſulphurs, ores, what earth and ſtones abound!
There let philoſophy conduct thy ſteps,
"For naught is uſeleſs made:" with candid ſearch,
Examine all the properties of things;
Immenſe diſcoveries ſoon will crown your toil,
Your time will ſoon repay. Ah, when will cares
The cares of fortune, leſs my minutes claim?
Then, with what joy, what energy of ſoul,
Will I not climb yon mountain's airieſt brow!
The dawn, the burning noon, the ſetting ſun,

The

The midnight-hour, ſhall hear my conſtant vows
To Nature; ſee me proſtrate at her ſhrine!
And, O, if haply I may aught invent
Of uſe to mortal man, life to prolong,
To ſoften, or adorn; what genuine joy,
What exultation of ſupreme delight,
Will ſwell my raptured boſom? Then, when death
Shall call me hence, I'll unrepining go;
Nor envy conquerors their ſtoried tombs,
Though not a ſtone point out my humble grave.

The End of Book III.

THE

THE

SUGAR-CANE.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Invocation to the Genius of Africa. Addreſs. Negroes when bought ſhould be young. The Congo-negroes are fitter for the houſe and trades, than for the field. The Gold-Coaſt, but eſpecially the Papaw-negroes, make the beſt field-negroes: but even theſe, if advanced in years, ſhould not be purchaſed. The marks of a ſound negroe at a negroe ſale. Where the men do nothing but hunt, fiſh or fight, and all field drudgery is left to the women: theſe are to be preferred to their huſbands. The Minnahs make good tradeſmen, but addicted to ſuicide. The Mundingos, in particular, ſubject to worms: and the Congos, to dropſical diſorders. How ſalt-water, or new negroes ſhould be ſeaſoned. Some negroes eat dirt. Negroes ſhould be habituated by gentle degrees to field labour. This labour, when compared to that in lead-mines, or of thoſe who work in the gold and ſilver mines in South-America, is not only leſs toilſome, but far more healthy. Negroes ſhould always be treated with humanity. Praiſe of freedom. Of the dracunculus, or dragon-worm. Of chigres. Of the yaws. Might not this diſeaſe be imparted by inoculation? Of worms, and their multiform appearance. Praiſe of commerce. Of the imaginary diſorders of negroes, eſpecially thoſe cauſed by their conjurers or Obiamen, The compoſition and ſuppoſed virtues of a magic-phiol.

Field-

ARGUMENT.

Field-negroes ſhould not begin to work before ſix in the morning, and ſhould leave off between eleven and twelve; and beginning again at two, ſhould finiſh before ſun-ſet. Of the weekly allowance of negroes. The young, the old, the ſickly, and even the lazy, muſt have their victuals prepared for them. Of negroe-ground, and its various productions. To be fenced in, and watched. Of an American garden. Of the ſituation of Negroe huts. How beſt defended from fire. The great negroe-dance deſcribed. Drumming, and intoxicating ſpirits not to be allowed. Negroes ſhould be made to marry in their maſters plantation. Inconveniencies ariſing from the contrary practice. Negroes to be cloathed once a year, and before Chriſtmas. Praiſe of Lewis XIV. *for the Code Noir. A body of laws of this kind recommended to the Engliſh ſugar colonies. Praiſe of the river Thames. A moon-light landſcape and viſion.*

THE

THE

SUGAR-CANE.

BOOK IV.

GENIUS of Afric! whether thou beſtrid'ſt
The caſtled elephant; or at the ſource,
(While howls the deſert fearfully around)
Of thine own Niger, ſadly thou reclin'ſt
Thy temples ſhaded by the tremulous palm,
Or quick papaw, whoſe top is necklac'd round
With numerous rows of party-colour'd fruit:
Or hear'ſt thou rather from the rocky banks
Of Rio Grande, or black Senaga?
Where dauntleſs thou the headlong torrent brav'ſt

In

In ſearch of gold, to brede thy woolly locks,
Or with bright ringlets ornament thine ears,
Thine arms, and ankles: O attend my ſong.
A muſe that pities thy diſtreſsful ſtate;
Who ſees, with grief, thy ſons in fetters bound;
Who wiſhes freedom to the race of man;
Thy nod aſſenting craves: dread Genius, come!

YET vain thy preſence, vain thy favouring nod;
Unleſs once more the muſes, that ere while
Upheld me fainting in my paſt career,
Through Caribbe's cane-iſles; kind condeſcend
To guide my footſteps, through parch'd Libya's wilds;
And bind my ſun-burnt brow with other bays,
Than ever deck'd the Sylvan bard before.

SAY, will my Melvil, from the public care,
Withdraw one moment, to the muſes' ſhrine?
Who, ſmit with thy fair fame, induſtrious cull
An Indian wreath to mingle with thy bays,
And deck the hero, and the ſcholar's brow!
Wilt thou, whoſe mildneſs ſmooths the face of war,
Who round the victor-blade the myrtle twin'ſt,
And mak'ſt ſubjection loyal and ſincere;
O wilt thou gracious hear the unartful ſtrain,
Whoſe mild inſtructions teach, no trivial theme,

What

What care the jetty African requires?
Yes, thou wilt deign to hear; a man thou art
Who deem'ſt naught foreign that belongs to man.

In mind, and aptitude for uſeful toil,
The negroes differ: muſe that difference ſing.

Whether to wield the hoe, or guide the plane;
Or for domeſtic uſes thou intend'ſt
The ſunny Libyan: from what clime they ſpring,
It not imports; if ſtrength and youth be their's.

Yet thoſe from Congo's wide extended plains,
Through which the long Zaire winds with chryſtal ſtream,
Where laviſh Nature ſends indulgent forth
Fruits of high flavour, and ſpontaneous ſeeds
Of bland nutritious quality, ill bear
The toilſome field; but boaſt a docile mind,
And happineſs of features. Theſe, with care,
Be taught each nice mechanic art: or train'd
To houſhold offices: their ductile ſouls
Will all thy care, and all thy gold repay.

But, if the labours of the field demand
Thy chief attention; and the ambroſial cane
Thou long'ſt to ſee, with ſpiry frequence, ſhade
Many an acre: planter, chuſe the ſlave,
Who ſails from barren climes; where want alone,
Offspring of rude neceſſity, compels

The

The ſturdy native, or to plant the ſoil,
Or ſtem vaſt rivers for his daily food.

Such are the children of the Golden Coaſt:
Such the Papaws, of negroes far the beſt:
And ſuch the numerous tribes, that ſkirt the ſhore,
From rapid Volta to the diſtant Rey.

But, planter, from what coaſt ſoe'er they ſail,
Buy not the old: they ever ſullen prove;
With heart-felt anguiſh, they lament their home;
They will not, cannot work; they never learn
Thy native language; they are prone to ails;
And oft, by ſuicide, their being end.—

Muſt thou from Afric reinforce thy gang?—
Let health and youth their every ſinew firm;
Clear roll their ample eye; their tongue be red;
Broad ſwell their cheſt; their ſhoulders wide expand;
Not prominent their belly; clean and ſtrong
Their thighs and legs, in juſt proportion riſe.
Such ſoon will brave the fervours of the clime;
And, free from ails, that kill thy negroe-train,
A uſeful ſervitude will long ſupport.

Yet, if thine own, thy children's life, be dear;
Buy not a Cormantee, tho' healthy, young.
Of breed too generous for the ſervile field;
They, born to freedom in their native land,

Chuſe

Chuſe death before diſhonourable bonds:
Or, fir'd with vengeance, at the midnight hour,
Sudden they ſeize thine unſuſpecting watch,
And thine own poniard bury in thy breaſt.

At home, the men, in many a ſylvan realm,
Their rank tobacco, charm of ſauntering minds,
From clayey tubes inhale; or, vacant, beat
For prey the foreſt; or, in war's dread ranks,
Their country's foe's affront: while, in the field,
Their wives plant rice, or yams, or lofty maize,
Fell hunger to repel. Be theſe thy choice:
They, hardy, with the labours of the Cane
Soon grow familiar; while unuſual toil,
And new ſeverities their huſbands kill.

The ſlaves from Minnah are of ſtubborn breed:
But, when the bill, or hammer, they affect;
They ſoon perfection reach. But fly, with care,
The Moco-nation; they themſelves deſtroy.

Worms lurk in all: yet, proneſt they to worms
Who from Mundingo ſail. When therefore ſuch
Thou buy'ſt, for ſturdy and laborious they,
Straight let ſome learned leach ſtrong medicines give,
Till food and climate both familiar grow.
Thus, tho' from riſe to ſet, in Phœbus' eye,
They toil, unceaſing; yet, at night, they'll ſleep,

Lap'd in Elyſium; and, each day, at dawn,
Spring from their couch, as blithſome as the ſun.

One precept more, it much imports to know.—
The blacks, who drink the Quanza's lucid ſtream,
Fed by ten thouſand ſprings, are prone to bloat,
Whether at home or in theſe ocean iſles:
And tho' nice art the water may ſubdue,
Yet many die; and few, for many a year,
Juſt ſtrength attain to labour for their lord.

Wouldst thou ſecure thine Æthiop from thoſe ails,
Which change of climate, change of waters breed,
And food unuſual? let Machaon draw
From each ſome blood, as age and ſex require;
And well with vervain, well with ſempre-vive,
Unload their bowels.—Theſe, in every hedge,
Spontaneous grow.—Nor will it not conduce
To give what chemiſts, in myſterious phraſe,
Term the white eagle; deadly foe to worms.
But chief do thou, my friend, with hearty food,
Yet eaſy of digeſtion, likeſt that
Which they at home regal'd on; renovate
Their ſea-worn appetites. Let gentle work,
Or rather playful exerciſe, amuſe
The novel gang: and far be angry words;
Far ponderous chains; and far diſheartening blows.—
From fruits reſtrain their eagerneſs; yet if

The acajou, haply, in thy garden bloom,
With cherries, or of white or purple hue,
Thrice wholeſome fruit in this relaxing clime!
Safely thou may'ſt their appetite indulge.
Their arid ſkins will plump, their features ſhine:
No rheums, no dyſenteric ails torment:
The thirſty hydrops flies.—'Tis even averr'd,
(Ah, did experience ſanctify the fact;
How many Lybians now would dig the ſoil,
Who pine in hourly agonies away!)
This pleaſing fruit, if turtle joins its aid,
Removes that worſt of ails, diſgrace of art,
The loathſome leproſy's infectious bane.

THERE are, the muſe hath oft abhorrent ſeen,
Who ſwallow dirt; (ſo the chlorotic fair

Ver. 137. cherries,] The tree which produces this wholeſome fruit is tall, ſhady, and of quick growth. Its Indian name is Acajou; hence corruptly called Caſhew by the Engliſh. The fruit has no reſemblance to a cherry, either in ſhape or ſize; and bears, at its lower extremity, a nut (which the Spaniards name Anacardo, and phyſicians Anacardium) that reſembles a large kidney-bean. Its kernel is as grateful as an almond, and more eaſy of digeſtion. Between its rinds is contained a highly cauſtic oil; which, being held to a candle, emits bright ſaline ſparks, in which the American fortune-tellers pretended they ſaw ſpirits who gave anſwers to whatever queſtions were put to them by their ignorant followers. This oil is uſed as a coſmetic by the ladies, to remove freckles and ſunburning; but the pain they neceſſarily ſuffer makes its uſe not very frequent. This tree alſo produces a gum not inferior to Gum-arabic; and its bark is an approved aſtringent. The juice of the cherry ſtains exceedingly. The long citron, or amber-coloured, is the beſt. The caſhew-nuts, when unripe, are of a green colour; but, ripe, they aſſume that of a pale olive. This tree bears fruit but once a year.

Oft chalk prefer to the moſt poignant cates:)
Such, dropſy bloats, and to ſure death conſigns;
Unleſs reſtrain'd from this unwholeſome food,
By ſoothing words, by menaces, by blows:
Nor yet will threats, or blows, or ſoothing words,
Perfect their cure; unleſs thou, Pæan, deign'ſt
By medicine's power their cravings to ſubdue.

To eaſy labour firſt inure thy ſlaves;
Extremes are dangerous. With induſtrious ſearch,
Let them fit graſſy provender collect
For thy keen ſtomach'd herds. — But when the earth
Hath made her annual progreſs round the ſun,
What time the conch or bell reſounds, they may
All to the Cane-ground, with thy gang, repair.

Nor, negroe, at thy deſtiny repine,
Though doom'd to toil from dawn to ſetting ſun.
How far more pleaſant is thy rural taſk,
Than their's who ſweat, ſequeſter'd from the day,
In dark Tartarean caves, ſunk far beneath
The earth's dark ſurface; where ſulphureous flames,
Oft from their vapoury priſons burſting wild,
To dire exploſion give the cavern'd deep,
And in dread ruin all its inmates whelm?

Ver. 163. the conch] Plantations that have no bells, aſſemble their Negroes by ſounding a conch-ſhell.

Nor fateful only is the burſting flame;
The exhalations of the deep-dug mine,
Tho' ſlow, ſhake from their wings as ſure as death.
With what intenſe ſeverity of pain
Hath the afflicted muſe, in Scotia, ſeen
The miners rack'd, who toil for fatal lead?
What cramps, what palſies ſhake their feeble limbs
Who, on the margin of the rocky Drave,
Trace ſilver's fluent ore? Yet white men theſe!

How far more happy ye, than thoſe poor ſlaves,
Who, whilom, under native, gracious chiefs,
Incas and Emperors, long time enjoy'd
Mild government, with every ſweet of life,
In bliſsful climates? See them dragg'd in chains,
By proud inſulting tyrants, to the mines
Which once they call'd their own, and then deſpis'd!
See, in the mineral boſom of their land,
How hard they toil! how ſoon their youthful limbs
Feel the decrepitude of age! how ſoon
Their teeth deſert their ſockets! and how ſoon
Shaking paralyſis unſtrings their frame!
Yet ſcarce, even then, are they allow'd to view
The glorious God of Day, of whom they beg,

Ver. 181. rocky Drave,] A river in Hungary, on whoſe banks are found mines of quickſilver.

With earneſt hourly ſupplications, death;
Yet death ſlow comes, to torture them the more!

With theſe compar'd, ye ſons of Afric, ſay,
How far more happy is your lot? Bland health,
Of ardent eye, and limb robuſt, attends
Your cuſtom'd labour; and, ſhould ſickneſs ſeize,
With what ſolicitude are ye not nurs'd!—
Ye negroes, then, your pleaſing taſk purſue;
And, by your toil, deſerve your maſter's care.

When firſt your blacks are novel to the hoe;
Study their humours: Some, ſoft-ſoothing words;
Some, preſents; and ſome, menaces ſubdue;
And ſome I've known, ſo ſtubborn in their kind,
Whom blows, alas! could win alone to toil.

Yet, planter, let humanity prevail.—
Perhaps thy negroe, in his native land,
Poſſeſt large fertile plains, and ſlaves, and herds:
Perhaps, whene'er he deign'd to walk abroad,
The richeſt ſilks, from where the Indus rolls,
His limbs inveſted in their gorgeous pleats:
Perhaps he wails his wife, his children, left
To ſtruggle with adverſity: perhaps
Fortune, in battle for his country fought,
Gave him a captive to his deadlieſt foe:
Perhaps, incautious, in his native fields,
(On pleaſurable ſcenes his mind intent)

All

All as he wandered; from the neighbouring grove,
Fell ambuſh dragg'd him to the hated main. —
Were they even ſold for crimes; ye poliſh'd, ſay!
Ye, to whom learning opes her ampleſt page!
Ye, whom the knowledge of a living God
Should lead to virtue! Are ye free from crimes?
Ah pity, then, theſe uninſtructed ſwains;
And ſtill let mercy ſoften the decrees
Of rigid juſtice, with her lenient hand.

O, did the tender muſe poſſeſs the power,
Which monarchs have, and monarchs oft abuſe;
'Twould be the fond ambition of her ſoul,
To quell tyrannic ſway; knock off the chains
Of heart-debaſing ſlavery; give to man,
Of every colour and of every clime,
Freedom, which ſtamps him image of his God.
Then laws, oppreſſion's ſcourge, fair virtue's prop,
Offspring of Wiſdom! ſhould impartial reign,
To knit the whole in well accorded ſtrife:
Servants, not ſlaves; of choice, and not compell'd;
The blacks ſhould cultivate the Cane-land iſles.

Say, ſhall the muſe the various ills recount,
Which Negroe-nations feel? Shall ſhe deſcribe
The worm that ſubtle winds into their fleſh,
All as they bathe them in their native ſtreams?

There,

There, with fell increment, it ſoon attains
A direful length of harm. Yet, if due ſkill,
And proper circumſpection are employed,
It may be won its volumes to wind round
A leaden cylinder: but, O, beware,
No raſhneſs practiſe; elſe 'twill ſurely ſnap,
And ſuddenly, retreating, dire produce
An annual lameneſs to the tortured Moor.

Nor only is the dragon worm to dread:
Fell, winged inſects, which the viſual ray
Scarcely diſcerns, their ſable feet and hands
Oft penetrate; and, in the fleſhy neſt,
Myriads of young produce; which ſoon deſtroy
The parts they breed in; if aſſiduous care,
With art, extract not the prolific foe.

Or, ſhall ſhe ſing, and not debaſe her lay,
The peſt peculiar to the Æthiop-kind,

Ver. 257. winged inſects,] Theſe, by the Engliſh, are called Chigoes or Chigres. They chiefly perforate the toes, and ſometimes the fingers; occaſioning an itching, which ſome people think not unpleaſing, and are at pains to get, by going to the copper-holes, or mill-round, where chigres moſt abound. They lay their nits in a bag, about the ſize of a ſmall pea, and are partly contained therein themſelves. This the Negroes extract without burſting, by means of a needle, and filling up the place with a little ſnuff; it ſoon heals, if the perſon have a good conſtitution. One ſpecies of them is ſuppoſed to be poiſonous; but, I believe, unjuſtly. When they bury themſelves near a tendon, eſpecially if the perſon is in a bad habit of body, they occaſion troubleſome ſores. The South-Americans call them Miguas.

The

The yaw's infectious bane?—The infected far
In huts, to leeward, lodge; or near the main.
With heartning food, with turtle, and with conchs;
The flowers of ſulphur, and hard niccars burnt,
The lurking evil from the blood expel,
And throw it on the ſurface: there in ſpots
Which cauſe no pain, and ſcanty ichor yield,
It chiefly breaks about the arms and hips,
A virulent contagion!——When no more
Round knobby ſpots deform, but the diſeaſe
Seems at a pauſe: then let the learned leach
Give, in due doſe, live-ſilver from the mine;
Till copious ſpitting the whole taint exhauſt.—
Nor thou repine, tho' half-way round the ſun,
This globe, her annual progreſs ſhall revolve;
Ere, clear'd, thy ſlave from all infection ſhine.
Nor then be confident; ſucceſſive crops
Of deſœdations oft will ſpot the ſkin:
Theſe thou, with turpentine and guaiac pods,
Reduc'd by coction to a wholeſome draught,
Total remove, and give the blood its balm.

Say, as this malady but once infects
The ſons of Guinea, might not ſkill ingraft

Ver. 268. niccars] The botanical name of this medicinal ſhrub is Guilandina. The fruit reſembles marbles, though not ſo round. Their ſhell is hard and ſmooth, and contains a farinaceous nut, of admirable uſe in ſeminal weakneſſes. They are alſo given to throw out the yaws.

(Thus,

(Thus, the ſmall-pox are happily convey'd)
This ailment early to thy negroe-train?

YET, of the ills which torture Libya's ſons,
Worms tyrannize the worſt. They, Proteus-like,
Each ſymptom of each malady aſſume;
And, under every maſk, the aſſaſſins kill.
Now, in the guiſe of horrid ſpaſms, they writhe
The tortur'd body, and all ſenſe o'er-power.
Sometimes, like Mania, with her head down-caſt,
They cauſe the wretch in ſolitude to pine;
Or frantic, burſting from the ſtrongeſt chains,
To frown with look terrific, not his own.
Sometimes, like Ague, with a ſhivering mien,
The teeth gnaſh fearful, and the blood runs chill:
Anon the ferment maddens in the veins,
And a falſe vigour animates the frame.
Again, the dropſy's bloated maſk they ſteal;
Or, "melt with minings of the hectic fire."

SAY, to ſuch various forms of mimic death;
What remedies ſhall puzzled art oppoſe?—
Thanks to the Almighty, in each path-way hedge,
Rank cow-itch grows, whoſe ſharp unnumber'd ſtings,
Sheath'd in Melaſſes, from their dens expel,
Fell dens of death, the reptile lurking foe.—
A powerful vermifuge, in ſkilful hands,

Ver. 309. Cow-itch] See notes on Book II.

The

The worm-graſs proves; yet even in hands of ſkill,
Sudden, I've known it dim the viſual ray
For a whole day and night. There are who uſe
(And ſage experience juſtifies the uſe)
The mineral product of the Corniſh mine;
Which in old times, ere Britain laws enjoyed,
The poliſh'd Tyrians, monarchs of the main,
In their ſwift ſhips convey'd to foreign realms:
The ſun by day, by night the northern ſtar,
Their courſe conducted.—Mighty commerce, hail!
By thee the ſons of Attic's ſterile land,
A ſcanty number, laws impos'd on Greece,
Nor aw'd they Greece alone; vaſt Aſia's King,
Though girt by rich arm'd myriads, at their frown
Felt his heart wither on his fartheſt throne.
Perennial ſource of population thou!
While ſcanty peaſants plough the flowery plains

Ver. 317. The mineral product of the Corniſh mine;] Tin-filings are a better vermifuge than tin in powder. The weſtern parts of Britain, and the neighbouring iſles, have been famous for this uſeful metal from the remoteſt antiquity; for we find from Strabo, that the Phœnicians made frequent voyages to thoſe parts (which they called Caſſiterides from Κασσίτερον ſtannum) in queſt of that commodity, which turned out ſo beneficial to them, that a pilot of that nation ſtranded his veſſel, rather than ſhow a Roman ſhip, that watched him, the way to thoſe mines. For this public-ſpirited action he was amply rewarded, ſays that accurate writer, upon his return to his country. The Romans, however, ſoon made themſelves maſters of the ſecret, and ſhared with them in the profit of that merchandize.

Of

Of purple Enna; from the Belgian fens,
What ſwarms of uſeful citizens ſpring up,
Hatch'd by thy foſtering wing? Ah where is flown
That dauntleſs free-born ſpirit, which, of old,
Taught them to ſhake off the tyrannic yoke
Of Spain's inſulting King; on whoſe wide realms,
The ſun ſtill ſhone with undiminiſhed beam?
Parent of wealth! in vain, coy nature hoards
Her gold and diamonds; toil, thy firm compeer,
And induſtry of unremitting nerve,
Scale the cleft mountain, the loud torrent brave,
Plunge to the center, and thro' nature's wiles,
(Led on by ſkill of penetrative ſoul)
Her following cloſe, her ſecret treaſure find,
To pour them plenteous on the laughing world.
On thee, Sylvanus, thee each rural god,
On thee, chief Ceres, with unfailing love
And fond diſtinction, emulouſly gaze.
In vain hath nature pour'd vaſt ſeas between
Far-diſtant kingdoms; endleſs ſtorms in vain
With double night brood o'er them; thou doſt throw,
O'er far-divided nature's realms, a chain
To bind in ſweet ſociety mankind.
By thee white Albion, once a barbarous clime,
Grew fam'd for arms, for wiſdom, and for laws;
By thee ſhe holds the balance of the world,
Acknowledg'd now ſole empreſs of the main.

Coy

Coy though thou art, and mutable of love,
There may'ſt thou ever fix thy wandering ſteps;
While Eurus rules the wide Atlantic foam!
By thee, thy favourite great Columbus found
That world, where now thy praiſes I rehearſe
To the reſounding main and palmy ſhore;
And Luſitania's chiefs thoſe realms explor'd,
Whence negroes ſpring, the ſubject of my ſong.

Nor pine the blacks, alone, with real ills,
That baffle oft the wiſeſt rules of art:
They likewiſe feel imaginary woes;
Woes no leſs deadly. Luckleſs he who owns
The ſlave, who thinks himſelf bewitch'd; and whom,
In wrath, a conjurer's ſnake-mark'd ſtaff hath ſtruck!
They mope, love ſilence, every friend avoid;
They inly pine, all aliment reject;
Or inſufficient for nutrition take:
Their features droop; a ſickly yellowiſh hue

Ver. 370. ſnake-mark'd] The negroe-conjurers, or Obia-men, as they are called, carry about them a ſtaff, which is marked with frogs, ſnakes, &c. The blacks imagine that its blow, if not mortal, will at leaſt occaſion long and troubleſome diſorders. A belief in magic is inſeparable from human nature, but thoſe nations are moſt addicted thereto, among whom learning, and, of courſe, philoſophy have leaſt obtained. As in all other countries, ſo in Guinea, the conjurers, as they have more underſtanding, ſo are they generally more wicked than the common herd of their deluded countrymen; and as the negroe-magicians can do miſchief, ſo they can alſo do good on a plantation, provided they are kept by the white people in proper ſubordination.

Their ſkin deforms; their ſtrength and beauty fly.
Then comes the feveriſh fiend, with firy eyes,
Whom drought, convulſions, and whom death ſurround,
Fatal attendants! if ſome ſubtle ſlave
(Such, Obia-men are ſtil'd) do not engage,
To ſave the wretch by antidote or ſpell.

In magic ſpells, in Obia, all the ſons
Of ſable Afric truſt:—Ye ſacred nine!
(For ye each hidden preparation know)
Tranſpierce the gloom, which ignorance and fraud
Have render'd awful; tell the laughing world
Of what theſe wonder-working charms are made.

Fern root cut ſmall, and tied with many a knot;
Old teeth extracted from a white man's ſkull;
A lizard's ſkeleton; a ſerpent's head:
Theſe, mix'd with ſalt and water from the ſpring,
Are in a phial pour'd; o'er theſe the leach
Mutters ſtrange jargon, and wild circles forms,

Of this poſſeſt, each negroe deems himſelf
Secure from poiſon; for to poiſon they
Are infamouſly prone: and arm'd with this,
Their ſable country dæmons they defy,
Who fearful haunt them at the midnight hour,
To work them miſchief. This, diſeaſes fly;

Diſeaſes

Diſeaſes follow: ſuch its wonderous power!
This o'er the threſhold of their cottage hung,
No thieves break in; or, if they dare to ſteal,
Their feet in blotches, which admit no cure,
Burſt loathſome out: but ſhould its owner filch,
As ſlaves were ever of the pilfering kind,
This from detection ſcreens;—ſo conjurers ſwear.

'Till morning dawn, and Lucifer withdraw
His beamy chariot; let not the loud bell
Call forth thy negroes from the ruſhy couch:
And ere the ſun with mid-day fervour glow,
When every broom-buſh opes her yellow flower;
Let thy black labourers from their toil deſiſt:
Nor till the broom her every petal lock,
Let the loud bell recal them to the hoe.
But when the jalap her bright tint diſplays,
When the ſolanum fills her cup with dew,

Ver. 410. broom-bruſh] This ſmall plant, which grows in every paſture, may, with propriety, be termed an American clock; for it begins every forenoon at eleven to open its yellow flowers, which about one are fully expanded, and at two cloſed. The jalap, or marvel of Peru, unfolds its petals between five and ſix in the evening, which ſhut again as ſoon as night comes on, to open again in the cool of the morning. This plant is called four o'clock by the natives, and bears either a yellow or a purple-coloured flower.

Ver. 415. ſolanum] So ſome authors name the fire-weed, which grows every where, and is the Datura of Linnæus; whoſe virtues Dr. Stork, at Vienna, has greatly extolled in a late publication. It bears a white monopetalous flower, which opens always about ſun-ſet.

And crickets, ſnakes, and lizards 'gin their coil;
Let them find ſhelter in their cane-thatch'd huts:
Or, if conſtrain'd unuſual hours to toil,
(For even the beſt muſt ſometimes urge their gang)
With double nutriment reward their pains.

HOWE'ER inſenſate ſome may deem their ſlaves,
Nor 'bove the beſtial rank; far other thoughts
The muſe, ſoft daughter of humanity!
Will ever entertain.—The Æthiop knows,
The Æthiop feels, when treated like a man;
Nor grudges, ſhould neceſſity compel,
By day, by night, to labour for his lord.

NOT leſs inhuman, than unthrifty thoſe;
Who, half the year's rotation round the ſun,
Deny ſubſiſtence to their labouring ſlaves.
But wouldſt thou ſee thy negroe-train encreaſe,
Free from diſorders; and thine acres clad
With groves of ſugar: every week diſpenſe
Or Engliſh beans, or Carolinian rice;
Ierne's beef, or Penſilvanian flour;
Newfoundland cod, or herrings from the main
That howls tempeſtuous round the Scotian iſles!

YET ſome there are ſo lazily inclin'd,
And ſo neglectful of their food, that thou,

Wouldſt

Wouldſt thou preſerve them from the jaws of death;
Daily, their wholeſome viands muſt prepare:
With theſe let all the young, and childleſs old,
And all the morbid ſhare;—ſo heaven will bleſs,
With manifold encreaſe, thy coſtly care.

SUFFICE not this; to every ſlave aſſign
Some mountain-ground: or, if waſte broken land
To thee belong, that broken land divide.
This let them cultivate, one day, each week;
And there raiſe yams, and there caſſada's root:
From a good dæmon's ſtaff caſſada ſprang,
Tradition ſays, and Caribbees believe:
Which into three the white-rob'd genius broke,
And bade them plant their hunger to repel.
There let angola's bloomy buſh ſupply,
For many a year, with wholeſome pulſe their board.

Ver. 449. caſſada] To an ancient Caribbean, bemoaning the ſavage uncomfortable life of his countrymen, a deity clad in white apparel appeared, and told him, he would have come ſooner to have taught him the ways of civil life, had he been addreſſed before. He then ſhowed him ſharp cutting ſtones to fell trees and build houſes; and bade him cover them with the palm leaves. Then he broke his ſtaff in three; which, being planted, ſoon after produced caſſada. See Ogilvy's America.

Ver. 454. angola] This is called Pigeon-pea, and grows on a ſturdy ſhrub, that will laſt for years. It is juſtly reckoned among the moſt wholeſome Legumens. The juice of the leaves, dropt into the eye, will remove incipient films. The botanic name is Cytiſus,

There let the bonaviſt, his fringed pods
Throw liberal o'er the prop; while ochra bears
Aloft his ſlimy pulp, and help diſdains.
There let potatos mantle o'er the ground;
Sweet as the cane-juice is the root they bear.
There too let eddas ſpring in order meet,
With Indian cale, and foodful calaloo:

Ver. 456. bonaviſt] This is the Spaniſh name of a plant, which produces an excellent bean. It is a paraſitical plant. There are five ſorts of bonaviſt, the green, the white, the moon-ſhine, the ſmall or common; and, laſtly, the black and red. The flowers of all are white and papilionaceous; except the laſt, whoſe bloſſoms are purple. They commonly bear in ſix weeks. Their pulſe is wholeſome, though ſomewhat flatulent; eſpecially thoſe from the black and red. The pods are flattiſh, two or three inches long; and contain from three to five ſeeds in partitional cells.

Ver. 457. ochra] Or Ockro. This ſhrub, which will laſt for years, produces a not leſs agreeable, than wholeſome pod. It bears all the year round. Being of a ſlimy and balſamic nature, it becomes a truly medicinal aliment in dyſenteric complaints. It is of the Malva ſpecies. It riſes to about four or five feet high, bearing, on and near the ſummit, many yellow flowers; ſucceeded by green, conic, fleſhy pods, channelled into ſeveral grooves. There are as many cells filled with ſmall round ſeeds, as there are channels.

Ver. 459. potatos] I cannot poſitively ſay, whether theſe vines are of Indian original or not; but as in their fructification, they differ from potatoes at home, they probably are not European. They are ſweet. There are four kinds, the red, the white, the long, and round: The juice of each may be made into a pleaſant cool drink; and being diſtilled, yield an excellent ſpirit.

Ver. 461. eddas] See notes on Book I. The French call this plant Tayove. It produces eatable roots every four months, for one year only.

Ver. 462. Indian cale,] This green, which is a native of the New World, equals any of the greens in the Old.

While

While mint, thyme, balm, and Europe's coyer herbs,
Shoot gladſome forth, nor reprobate the clime.

THIS tract ſecure, with hedges or of limes,
Or buſhy citrons, or the ſhapely tree
That glows at once with aromatic blooms,
And golden fruit mature. To theſe be join'd,
In comely neighbourhood, the cotton ſhrub;
In this delicious clime the cotton burſts
On rocky ſoils.—The coffee alſo plant;
White as the ſkin of Albion's lovely fair,
Are the thick ſnowy fragrant blooms it boaſts:
Nor wilt thou, coco, thy rich pods refuſe;
Tho' years, and heat, and moiſture they require,
Ere the ſtone grind them to the food of health.
Of thee, perhaps, and of thy various ſorts,
And that kind ſheltering tree, thy mother nam'd,
With crimſon flowerets prodigally grac'd;
In future times, the enraptur'd muſe may ſing:
If public favour crown her preſent lay.

BUT let ſome antient, faithful ſlave erect
His ſheltered manſion near; and with his dog,

Ver. 462. calaloo:] Another ſpecies of Indian pot-herb, no leſs wholeſome than the preceding. Theſe, with mezamby, and the Jamaica prickle-weed, yield to no eſculent plants in Europe. This is an Indian name.

Ver. 466. the ſhapely tree] The orange tree.

Ver. 478 thy mother nam'd,] See Book I. p. 41.

His

His loaded gun, and cutlaſs, guard the whole:
Elſe negroe-fugitives, who ſkulk 'mid rocks
And ſhrubby wilds, in bands will ſoon deſtroy
Thy labourer's honeſt wealth; their loſs and your's.

Perhaps, of Indian gardens I could ſing,
Beyond what bloom'd on bleſt Phæacia's iſle,
Or eaſtern climes admir'd in days of yore:
How Europe's foodful, culinary plants;
How gay Pomona's ruby-tinctured births;
And gawdy Flora's various-veſted train;
Might be inſtructed to unlearn their clime,
And by due diſcipline adopt the ſun.
The muſe might tell what culture will entice
The ripened melon, to perfume each month;
And with the anana load the fragrant board.
The muſe might tell, what trees will beſt exclude
(" Inſuperable height of airieſt ſhade")
With their vaſt umbrage the noon's fervent ray.
Thee, verdant mammey, firſt, her ſong ſhould praiſe:

Thee,

Ver. 502. mammey.] This is a lofty, ſhady, and beautiful tree. Its fruit is as large as the largeſt melon, and of an exquiſite ſmell greatly ſuperior to it in point of taſte. Within the fruit are contained one or two large ſtones, which, when diſtilled, give to ſpirits a ratafia flavour, and therefore the French call them Les Apricots de St. Domingue: accordingly, l'Eau des Noiaux, one of the beſt Weſt-Indian cordials, is made from them. The fruit, eaten raw, is of an aperient quality; and made into ſweet-meats, &c. is truly exquiſite. This tree, contrary to moſt others in the New World, ſhoots up to a pyramidal figure: the leaves are uncommonly green; and it produces fruit, but once a year. The name

Thee, the firſt native of theſe Ocean-iſles,
Fell anthropophagi, ſtill ſacred held;
And from thy large high-flavour'd fruit abſtain'd,
With pious awe; for thine high-flavoured fruit,
The airy phantoms of their friends deceas'd,
Joy'd to regale on.—Such their ſimple creed.
The tamarind likewiſe ſhould adorn her theme,
With whoſe tart fruit the ſweltering fever loves
To quench his thirſt, whoſe breezy umbrage ſoon
Shades the pleas'd planter, ſhades his children long.
Nor, lofty caſſia, ſhould ſhe not recount
Thy woodland honours! See, what yellow flowers
Dance in the gale, and ſcent the ambient air:
While thy long pods, full fraught with nectared ſweets,
Relieve the bowels from their lagging load.
Nor, chirimoia, though theſe torrid iſles
Boaſt not thy fruit, to which the anana yields
In taſte and flavour, wilt thou coy refuſe
Thy fragrant ſhade to beautify the ſcene.
But, chief of palms, and pride of Indian-groves,

name is Indian. The Engliſh commonly call it Mammey-ſapota. There are two ſpecies of it, the ſweet and the tart. The botanical name is Achras.

Ver. 509. tamarind] See Book I. p. 43.

Ver. 513. caſſia.] Both this tree and its mild purgative pulp are ſufficiently known.

Thee,

Thee, fair palmeto, ſhould her ſong reſound:
What ſwelling columns, form'd by Jones or Wren,
Or great Palladio, may with thee compare?
Not nice-proportioned, but of ſize immenſe,
Swells the wild fig-tree, and ſhould claim her lay:
For, from its numerous bearded twigs proceed
A filial train, ſtupendous as their ſire,
In quick ſucceſſion; and o'er many a rood,
Extend their uncouth limbs; which not the bolt
Of heaven can ſcathe; nor yet the all-waſting rage
Of Typhon, or of hurricane, deſtroy.
Nor ſhould, tho' ſmall, the anata not be ſung:

Thy

Ver. 523. palmeto,] This being the moſt beautiful of palms, nay, perhaps, ſuperior to any other known tree in the world, has with propriety obtained the name of Royal. The botanical name is Palma Maxima. It will ſhoot up perpendicularly to an hundred feet and more. The ſtem is perfectly circular; only towards the root, and immediately under the branches at top, it bulges out. The bark is ſmooth, and of an aſh-brown colour, except at the top where it is green. It grows very faſt, and the ſeed from whence it ſprings is not bigger than an acorn. In this, as in all the palm-genus, what the natives call Cabbage is found; but it reſembles in taſte an almond, and is in fact the pith of the upper, or greeniſh part of the ſtem. But it would be the moſt unpardonable luxury to cut down ſo lovely a tree, for ſo mean a gratification; eſpecially as the wild, or mountain cabbage tree, ſufficiently ſupplies the table with that eſculent. I never ride paſt the charming viſta of royal palms on the Cayon-eſtate of Daniel Mathew, Eſq; in St. Chriſtopher, without being put in mind of the pillars of the Temple of the Sun at Palmyra. This tree grows on the tops of hills, as well as in valleys; its hard cortical part makes very durable laths for houſes. There is a ſmaller ſpecies not quite ſo beautiful.

Ver. 534. anata] Or Anotto, or Arnotta; thence corruptly called Indian Otter, by the Engliſh. The tree is about the ſize of an ordinary apple-tree. The French call it Rocou; and ſend the farina home as a paint, &c. for which purpoſe the tree is cultivated by

Thy purple dye, the ſilk and cotton fleece
Delighted drink; thy purple dye the tribes
Of Northern-Ind, a fierce and wily race,
Carouſe, aſſembled; and with it they paint
Their manly make in many a horrid form,
To add new terrors to the face of war.
The muſe might teach to twine the verdant arch,
And the cool alcove's lofty roof adorn,
With ponderous granadillas, and the fruit
Call'd water-lemon; grateful to the taſte:
Nor ſhould ſhe not purſue the mountain-ſtreams,
But pleas'd decoy them from their ſhady haunts,
In rills, to viſit every tree and herb;
Or fall o'er fern-clad cliffs, with foaming rage;
Or in huge baſons float, a fair expanſe;
Or, bound in chains of artificial force,
Ariſe thro' ſculptur'd ſtone, or breathing braſs.—

by them in their Iſlands. The flower is pentapetalous, of a bluiſh and ſpoon-like appearance. The yellow filaments are tipped with purpliſh apices. The ſtyle proves the rudiment of the ſucceeding pod, which is of a conic ſhape, an inch and a half long. This is divided into many cells, which contain a great number of ſmall ſeeds, covered with a red farina.

Ver. 543. granadillas,] This is the Spaniſh name, and is a ſpecies of the paſſiflora, or paſſion-flower, called by Linnæus, Muſa. The ſeeds and pulp, through which the ſeeds are diſperſed, are cooling, and grateful to the palate. This, as well as the water-lemon, bell-apple, or honeyſuckle, as it is named, being paraſitical plants, are eaſily formed into cooling arbors, than which nothing can be more grateful in warm climates. Both fruits are wholeſome. The granadilla is commonly eat with ſugar, on account of its tartneſs, and yet the pulp is viſcid. Plumier calls it Granadilla, Latefolia, Fructu Maliformi. It grows beſt in ſhady places. The unripe fruit makes an excellent pickle.

But

But I'm in haſte to furl my wind-worn ſails,
And anchor my tir'd veſſel on the ſhore.

It much imports to build thy negroe-huts,
Or on the ſounding margin of the main,
Or on ſome dry-hills gently-ſloping ſides,
In ſtreets, at diſtance due.—When near the beach,
Let frequent coco caſt its wavy ſhade;
'Tis Neptune's tree; and, nouriſh'd by the ſpray,
Soon round the bending ſtems ærial height
Cluſters of mighty nuts, with milk and fruit
Delicious fraught, hang clattering in the ſky.
There let the bay-grape, too, its crooked limbs
Project enormous; of impurpled hue
Its frequent cluſters glow. And there, if thou
Wouldſt make the ſand yield ſalutary food,
Let Indian millet rear its corny reed,

Let

Ver. 563. bay grape,] Or ſea-ſide grape, as it is more commonly called. This is a large, crooked, and ſhady tree, (the leaves being broad, thick, and almoſt circular;) and ſucceeds beſt in ſandy places. It bears large cluſters of grapes once a year; which, when ripe, are not diſagreeable. The ſtones, ſeeds, or acini, contained in them, are large in proportion; and being reduced to a powder, are an excellent aſtringent. The bark of the tree has the ſame property. The grape, ſteep'd in water and fermented with ſugar, make an agreeable wine.

Ver. 567. Indian millet] Or maize. This is commonly called Guinea-corn, to diſtinguiſh it from the great or Indian-corn, that grows in the Southern parts of North-America. It ſoon ſhoots up to a great height, often twenty feet high, and will ratoon like the other; but its blades are not ſo nouriſhing to horſes as thoſe of the great corn, although its ſeeds are more ſo, and rather more agreeable to the taſte. The Indians, negroes, and poor white people

Let Indian millet rear its corny reed,
Like arm'd battalions in array of war.
But, round the upland huts, bananas plant;
A wholeſome nutriment bananas yield,
And ſun-burnt labour loves its breezy ſhade.
Their graceful ſcreen let kindred plantanes join,
And with their broad vans ſhiver in the breeze;
So flames deſign'd, or by imprudence caught,
Shall ſpread no ruin to the neighbouring roof.

Yet nor the ſounding margin of the main,
Nor gently ſloping ſide of breezy hill,
Nor ſtreets, at diſtance due, imbower'd in trees;
Will half the health, or half the pleaſure yield,
Unleſs ſome pitying naiad deign to lave,
With an unceaſing ſtream, thy thirſty bounds.

On feſtal days; or when their work is done;
Permit thy ſlaves to lead the choral dance,
To the wild banſhaw's melancholy ſound.
Reſponſive to the ſound, head, feet and frame
Move aukwardly harmonious; hand in hand
Now lock'd, the gay troop circularly wheels,
And friſks and capers with intemperate joy.
Halts the vaſt circle, all clap hands and ſing;

people, make many (not unſavory) diſhes with them. It is alſo called Turkey wheat. The turpentine tree will alſo grow in the ſand, and is moſt uſeful upon a plantation.

Ver. 584. banſhaw] This is a ſort of rude guitar, invented by the negroes. It produces a wild, pleaſing, melancholy ſound.

While thoſe diſtinguiſh'd for their heels and air,
Bound in the center, and fantaſtic twine.
Mean while ſome ſtripling, from the choral ring,
Trips forth; and, not ungallantly, beſtows
On her who nimbleſt hath the greenſward beat,
And whoſe fluſh'd beauties have inthrall'd his ſoul,
A ſilver token of his fond applauſe.
Anon they form in ranks; nor inexpert
A thouſand tuneful intricacies weave,
Shaking their ſable limbs; and oft a kiſs
Steal from their partners; who, with neck reclin'd,
And ſemblant ſcorn, reſent the raviſh'd bliſs.
But let not thou the drum their mirth inſpire;
Nor vinous ſpirits: elſe, to madneſs fir'd,
(What will not bacchanalian frenzy dare?)
Fell acts of blood, and vengeance they purſue.

Compel by threats, or win by ſoothing arts,
Thy ſlaves to wed their fellow ſlaves at home;
So ſhall they not their vigorous prime deſtroy,
By diſtant journeys, at untimely hours,
When muffled midnight decks her raven hair
With the white plumage of the prickly vine.

Wouldst

Ver. 611 prickly vine.] This beautiful white roſaceous flower is as large as the crown of one's hat, and only blows at midnight. The plant, which is prickly and attaches itſelf firmly to the ſides of houſes, trees, &c. produces a fruit, which ſome call Wythe Apple, and others, with more propriety, Mountain Strawberry. But though

Wouldst thou from countleſs ails preſerve thy gang;
To every negroe, as the candle-weed
Expands his bloſſoms to the cloudy ſky,
And moiſt Aquarius melts in daily ſhowers;
A woolly veſtment give, (this Wiltſhire weaves)
Warm to repel chill night's unwholeſome dews:
While ſtrong coarſe linen, from the Scotian loom,
Wards off the ſervours of the burning day.

The truly great, tho' from a hoſtile clime,
The ſacred nine embalm; then, Muſes, chant,
In grateful numbers, Gallic Lewis' praiſe:
For private murder quell'd; for laurel'd arts,
Invented, cheriſh'd in his native realm;
For rapine puniſh'd; for grim famine fed:
For ſly chicane expell'd the wrangling bar;
And rightful Themis ſeated on her throne:
But, chief, for thoſe mild laws his wiſdom fram'd,
To guard the Æthiop from tyrannic ſway!

Did ſuch, in theſe green iſles which Albion claims,
Did ſuch obtain; the muſe, at midnight-hour,

though it reſembles the large Chili-ſtrawberry in looks and ſize; yet being inelegant of taſte, it is ſeldom eaten. The botanical name is Cereus ſcandens minor. The rind of the fruit is here and there ſtudded with tufts of ſmall ſharp prickles.

Ver. 613. candle-weed] This ſhrub, which produces a yellow flower, ſomewhat reſembling a narciſſus, makes a beautiful hedge, and blows about November. It grows wild every where. It is ſaid to be a diuretic, but this I do not know from experience.

This laſt brain racking ſtudy had not ply'd:
But, ſunk in ſlumbers of immortal bliſs,
To bards had liſt'ned on a fancied Thames!

All hail, old father Thames! tho' not from far
Thy ſpringing waters roll; nor countleſs ſtreams,
Of name conſpicuous, ſwell thy watery ſtore;
Tho' thou, no Plata, to the ſea devolve
Vaſt humid offerings; thou art king of ſtreams:
Delighted Commerce broods upon thy wave;
And every quarter of this ſea-girt globe
To thee due tribute pays; but chief the world
By great Columbus found, where now the muſe
Beholds, tranſported, ſlow vaſt fleecy clouds,
Alps pil'd on Alps romantically high,
Which charm the ſight with many a pleaſing form.
The moon, in virgin-glory, gilds the pole,
And tips yon tamarinds, tips yon cane-crown'd vale
With fluent ſilver; while unnumbered ſtars
Gild the vaſt concave with their lively beams.
The main, a moving burniſh'd mirror, ſhines;
No noiſe is heard, ſave when the diſtant ſurge
With drowſy murmurings breaks upon the ſhore!

Ah me, what thunders roll! the ſky's on fire!
Now ſudden darkneſs muffles up the pole!
Heavens! what wild ſcenes, before the affrighted ſenſe,

Ver. 638. no Plata,] One of the largeſt rivers of South America.

Imperfect

Imperfect ſwim!—See! in that flaming ſcroll
Which Time unfolds, the future germs bud forth,
Of mighty empires! independent realms!——
And muſt Britannia, Neptune's favourite queen,
Protect'reſs of true ſcience, freedom, arts;
Muſt ſhe, ah! muſt ſhe, to her offſpring crouch?
Ah, muſt my Thames, old Ocean's favourite ſon,
Reſign his trident to barbaric ſtreams;
His banks neglected, and his waves unſought,
No bards to ſing them, and no fleets to grace?—
Again the fleecy clouds amuſe the eye,
And ſparkling ſtars the vaſt horizon gild —
She ſhall not crouch; if Wiſdom guide the helm,
Wiſdom that bade loud Fame, with juſteſt praiſe,
Record her triumphs! bade the lacquaying winds
Tranſport to every quarter of the globe,
Her winged navies! bade her ſcepter'd ſons
Of earth acknowledge her pre-eminence!—
She ſhall not crouch; if theſe Cane ocean-iſles,
Iſles which on Britain for their all depend,
And muſt for ever; ſtill indulgent ſhare
Her foſtering ſmile: and other iſles be given,
From vanquiſh'd foes.—And, ſee, another race!
A golden æra dazzles my fond ſight!
That other race, that long'd-for æra, hail!
THE BRITISH GEORGE NOW REIGNS, THE PATRIOT KING!
BRITAIN SHALL EVER TRIUMPH O'ER THE MAIN.

The END of the LAST BOOK.

BEAUTY:

A

POEM.

[*By the same Author.*]

ARGUMENT.

Invocation to Florinda. The force of Beauty. Its happy effects; and the pleaſures attendant on Love. Advice to the Fair Sex. The importance of Virtue. Senſual Pleaſure to be avoided. Youthful recreations to be innocently enjoyed. The baleful conſequences of Deceit and Perfidy. Science recommended; its advantages. Againſt female vanity. A Tale. The delights afforded by innocent Love and Marriage. To the Author's Miſtreſs. A Wiſh.

BEAUTY:

A

POEM.

COME, fair Florinda, and, while Beauty glows
Warm on thy lovely cheek, auſpicious come,
And animate my ſong! O may I gaze
On ev'ry charm, and from each ſhining grace
Catch inſpiration: let thy genius aid
My lays unpractis'd, pour into my verſe
The flow harmonious, while th' enchanted Muſe
Relates the charms, which, o'er the yielding heart,
Perpetual reign, and hold reſiſtleſs ſway.

DIFFUSIVE

Diffusive Nature, who, with lib'ral hand,
Scatters her bounties round, and decks the ſpring
In all its gay attire, the virgin's cheek
Fluſhes with beauty, and adorns her brow
With charms attractive; ſhapes her faultleſs form
With ſkill unerring, on her breaſt beſtows
The ſnowy hue, while, o'er her ſhining neck,
In wanton ringlets flows her ebon hair
Diſhevell'd, graceful; and her ſparkling eyes
Dart kindling flame: majeſtic on ſhe moves,
Conſcious of native worth, and ſmiling love
Alluring,—Hither, ye! whoſe hard'ned hearts
Ne'er felt a lover's pangs, ah! hither come,
To feel the force of Beauty: here ſurvey,
In radiant luſtre, the bewitching grace,
Which from the dawn of time o'er Nature held
Her ſoft domain. Since firſt the vital ſpark
Awak'd the human breaſt, and man aroſe
To conſcious being, the fair female form
Dazzled his eye, and through his panting breaſt
Shot beauty's ray: when in primæval ſpring
Life, uncorrupted, roll'd its golden hours,
Free from the attacks of vice; as yet unſour'd
With pain corroding: nor Diſeaſe had rear'd
Her ſnaky creſt to blaſt their blooming days:
Then beauty reign'd, and form'd the ſacred tye
Connubial. Oft, amid the green retreat,
Where fanning zephyrs play'd, the joyous hour
Fled on the wings of love: here Innocence,

And

And ſweeteſt Concord, and all-ſoothing Bliſs,
By Beauty heighten'd, o'er the human pair
Forth ſpread their downy wings. Nor Beauty leſs,
Thro' long ſucceeding ages, o'er the heart
Her conqueſt held; devoted Man atteſts
The pleaſing truth, while at the ſyren voice
Of Muſic, thrilling the enchanting note,
He proſtrate falls, the fond diſtracted prey
Of paſſions raging through th' enfever'd heart.

So Nature wills; and while encreaſing ſtrength
Braces the nerves, and through the ſwelling veins
The blood fierce boiling flows, ſubduing love
Still reigns in Man, to poliſh and refine
His barb'rous mind; nor, till the ſoothing flame
Have ſeiz'd his heart, and thaw'd his frozen ſoul,
Ere can he reliſh the ſublime delight
Of ſocial tranſport, nor conſenting feel
The ſympathetic bliſs, nor taſte the ſweets
Of hallow'd friendſhip, nor affected hear
The voice of Woe, as oft ſhe vents her moan
In wailings loud. The ſoft relenting heart,
Kind Pity's tear, the all-profuſive hand
Of Charity, the gen'rous flow of Soul,
Theſe are not his, who never yet has felt
The pangs of love, o'er whom the enchanting pow'r
Of Beauty never reign'd, whoſe ſullen breaſt

Ne'er

Ne'er glow'd with tranſport, and the anxious throbs
Which panting Lovers know; but all his ſoul
Is ſolitary gloom, untaught to pour
The friendly fervour, and, with heart enlarg'd,
To breathe the warm benevolence of love.

Come ye, who now your gayeſt moments paſs,
And graceful flouriſh 'midſt the ſhining throng,
While life flies joyous, and your youthful years
Roll placid on; before the radiant throne
Of Beauty kneel. Whatever warms the breaſt
With noble purpoſe, what informs the heart
To melt, and mould you into ſocial Man,
Is Beauty's pow'r. From her poetic heat
Harmonious flows, and taught by her oft paints
The viſionary ſcene, and touches all
The Springs of Paſſion; her's each winning Grace,
And comely Geſture her's: enfrozen'd age,
Bending to earth beneath the weight of years,
With wrinkled front, and venerable hair,
Melts at her fair approach; he feels warm blood
Run thro' his wither'd veins, erect he lifts
His hoary head, and on his aged brow
Unuſual gladneſs ſmiles, while his cold heart,
Warm'd into fervour glows: her kindling voice,
All rural Nature hears, and ſtarts amaz'd
To poliſh'd life. Thus when the ruſtic ſwain

Saw

Saw ſleeping beauty, on the graſſy bank,
Reclin'd at eaſe, and careleſs beaming round
Her charms attractive, while upon her face
Play'd all the laughing loves; ſurpris'd he gaz'd,
And felt a thouſand tranſports ſhoot along
His ſhiv'ring nerves: now his unfeeling heart,
Unus'd to pant, with ſoft emotion heaves;
He trembling view'd, and all his ſoul was love.

And ye, fair offspring of the bounteous hand
Of nature, ye array'd in all the charms
Of vernal youth, fluſh'd on your comely cheek
By Beauty's balmy breath, while yielding Man
To you reſigns his heart, and eager ſighs
Low at your feet, and tells the moving tale
Of plaintive love: how, ſleepleſs, on his couch
He drags the tedious hours, and oft-times ſtarts
With fancy'd viſions, which deluſive ſwim
Before his eyes; how buſy fancy paints
Your beauteous figure, in reſplendent robes
Luxuriant floating, as you graceful wave
In all the airs of love; and while he graſps
Th' imagin'd form, how loſt in empty air
The fair illuſion flies: how taſte forgets
The poignant reliſh, and the ſpicy gale
To him no odours wafts: with cheerleſs air

Ver. 91. beauty,] Alluding to Dryden's beautiful fable of Cymon and Iphigenia.

He wanders penſive to the lonely ſhade,
To blend his moanings with the whiſpering breeze,
While ſympathetic glides the weeping rill
In mazy currents by, and there to thought
Devotes the gloomy hour, complaining oft,
In tender ſtrains, how fair Florinda ſcorns
His melting heart, and thrills the mournful notes
Of fond, deſpairing love; nor there can long
Indulge his woe, but reſtleſs with the croud
Impatient mingles, ſolace there to find,
Amidſt the tumult of a madd'ning world:
Still haunts the phantom, ſtill his boſom burns
With unremitted pain, and love reſumes
His tyrant empire: how his alter'd looks,
Meagre, and pale, ſpeak the diſtracting fiend
Which on his vitals preys; how ſtrength forſakes
His quivering limbs; how, wrapt in awful gloom,
Frail ſick'ning nature pines away in woe.——
O gently then, ye lovely conqu'rors! uſe
Your unreſiſted ſway; forth-ſtretch your arms,
To raiſe from abject plight the fainting ſlave,
And on his tortur'd ſoul, propitious, pour
The balm of hope; and now, delighted, taſte
Love's fond delights, while paſſion eager pants
In ev'ry vein, and warms your glowing breaſts
With fairy proſpects of tranſporting joys.

Nor, gay Amanda, though, with ſighs, to you
The plaintive Damon kneels, and vents his ſoul

In

In ſoftly ſwelling ſtrains: yet let not theſe
Dilate your heart; nor look with ſcornful air
On the gay rivals, who for you conteſt
Fair beauty's prize, and vie, ſupreme, to ſhine
'Midſt the ſoft circles, where indulgent flow
The ſoothing hours; where muſic gently wakes,
Symphonious, every paſſion, and attunes
The ſoul to rapture, while diffuſive joy
Spreads thro' the melting throng. For Beauty ſtill
By taſte is prov'd; by her capricious law,
It blooms or withers. Ye! who long have held
The willing Strephon, o'er th' obdurate heart
Of Damon never reign'd; while he, ſubdu'd
By bright Amanda, ſighs his ſoul away
In unavailing moan. Far from your breaſt
Be baniſh'd Pride; the high aſſuming air
Ill ſuits the brow, where tenderneſs, and love,
Should dwell diſtinguiſh'd; nor can reaſon judge
Whoſe charms ſuperior ſhine: ſome dazzling grace,
Still nameleſs, flaſhes on th' admiring eye.

Beyond deſcription, fairer than her ſex,
To me, Florinda ſeems: how darts her eye
Its ſoul-diſſolving fires! how, o'er her neck,
Gracefully careleſs, falls her auburn hair!
Her mien how ſoft! can the pure mountain ſnow,
With her warm boſom riſing to the throbs
Of undiſſembled love, compare its white?
The roſe its red with her's? Nor Strephon leſs
Adores his blooming bride; ſhe fairer, ſhe

Is beauty's ſelf, and, as ſhe gently moves,
Her limbs, proportion'd with unerring ſkill,
A thouſand radiant graces in her train
Alluring dance. Each nameleſs charm is her's;
And love, and joy, and virtue, ſit enthron'd
In ev'ry look and ſmile. Not varied more
The human face, with diff'rent features ſtampt
By nature's forming hand, than taſte which views,
In objects diff'rent, various beauties glow.

O WHILE ye glory in your youthful prime,
And yield attention to the ſyren voice
Of praiſe; in that ſoft ſeaſon, when the breaſt
A ſtrange enchantment feels; when pleaſure pants
In ev'ry vein; and ſparkles in the eye
Superfluous health; then guard your hearts
Againſt ſeducing love. Suſpend, ye fair!
Theſe ſofter cares, and liſten, while the Muſe
Riſes ſuperior to the fading glare
Of mortal charms, and now eſſays to touch
The heart, and open to the enraptur'd ſoul
More laſting Beauty, moral and divine,
Which grows in age, nor at the pale approach
Of death decays; but with unblaſted grace
For ever bloſoms. Hail! bright Virtue, hail!
Propitious come, inſpire my glowing breaſt
To ſing of thee! without thee, what are all
Life's gayeſt trappings, what the fleeting ſhow
Of youth, or charms, which for a moment ſpread

Their

Their viſionary bloom, but with'ring die,
Nor leave remembrance of their fancy'd worth!

See, how adorn'd in heav'n's all-glorious pomp
Fair Virtue comes, and in her radiant train
Ten thouſand beauties wait: behold, ſhe comes,
To fill the ſoul with never-ceaſing joy!
Attend her voice, ſweet as the ſolemn ſounds
Of cherubs, when they ſtrike their golden harps
In ſacred concert, while the ſky reſounds
Symphonious. Hence, ye fond deluſive dreams
Of fleeting pleaſure! ſhe the heart diſtends
With more enduring bliſs: kindled by her,
The gen'rous boſom breathes the ſocial fire,
And beats reſponſive to the woes of man.

Now native peace, and harmony divine,
Dwell in the ſoul; to reaſon's powerful law
Each paſſion yields; and her reſiſtleſs ſway
Struggling corruption owns, nor dares aſſault
A heart confirm'd by her; and now the fame
Of nature conquer'd by the informing voice
Of Reaſon, thro' celeſtial manſions flies
On wings angelic; thro' the winding paths
Of life, fair Prudence guides, and points the road
To happineſs and peace; while in the breaſt
Untainted Innocence and Freedom reign.

These are theCharms of Virtue, theſe will bloom
When time ſhall ceaſe: e'en Beauty's ſelf by theſe

More lovely ſeems, ſhe looks with added grace,
And ſmiles ſeraphic: nor ſhall hoary age
Their bloſſoms wither, but perpetual ſpring
Here ſhed her influence; while a ſhowy world,
Its varniſh loſing, ſhall deceive no more;
And nature, ſick'ning at approaching fate,
Shall ſink beneath its doom. Whate'er adorns
The female breaſt, whate'er can move the ſoul
With fervent rapture, ev'ry winning grace
And mild endearment, tenderneſs and love
In fair Aſpaſia ſhine; 'tis her's to charm
With elocution ſweet, and all the flow
Of ſoft perſuaſion, while the ſenſual heart
Refines, and feels fair Virtue dawning there.

Nor ye, gay glittering tribe! who oft-times drink
Of Circe's poiſon'd cup, and down the ſtream
Of ſoothing pleaſure all reſiſtleſs flow
Enervate, deem unworthy of your wiſh
The Charms of Virtue. While ye reſtleſs ſeek
The phantom Pleaſure, where Indulgence plays
Her midnight gambols, o'er unſtable paths
Ye heedleſs wander: as ſhe points the way
Thro' her enchanting maze, th' illuſive form
Conceals deſtruction. While with eager hope,
And mad impatience, in a fond embrace

Ver. 238. Aſpaſia] See this perfect character in Mr. Johnſon's Irene.

Ye

Ye graſp her panting, lo! the ſorc'reſs darts
Her latent venom thro' your tortur'd nerves.
Then wakes remorſe; and, ſee! on yonder throne,
With woes ſurrounded, fell diſeaſe diſplays
Her ſnaky creſt, and o'er your guilty heads
Shakes all her horrors: anguiſh, downcaſt ſhame,
Succeed, and on the diſcontented brow
Satiety ſits pale. The feeble knee,
Each nerve unbrac'd, beneath the fabric bends!
The tott'ring fabric falls! the ſhades of death
Now quench thoſe orbs that beam'd impure deſire!
And, deeper yet, the gloom of black deſpair—
A darkneſs to be felt!—involves the ſoul!
O, dread this complicated curſe! and turn
With holy horror, from the paths of vice!

Nor think, ye fair, the penſive Muſe forbids
The joys of youth; ſhe, with complacent ſmile,
Views ye light fluttering; ſhe the ſocial band
Joins cheerful, and benevolent implore
Diffuſive nature on your heads to ſhed
Her gay profuſion, laviſh all her grace,
And in your boſoms pour the ſoul of love.
Lo! roſy youth holds forth her pictur'd ſcene
With garlands crown'd; and tow'ring Fancy now
Her gay creation paints: high ſwells the breaſt
With emulation, and joy-teeming life
Its gay allurements ſhows. Forth by your ſide,
In glitt'ring grandeur, walks the enraptur'd ſwain:
With graceful eaſe, attemp'ring conſcious pride,

He

He ſpreads his glories to th' admiring eye.
Awak'd by love, and by the ſubtle Flame
Of Beauty kindled, with aſſiduous care,
And fond ſubmiſſion, to the cheerful haunts
Of Mirth he leads you, and while wand'ring o'er
Enchanted ground, oft tells the pleaſing tale
Perſuaſive: gently flow the ſmiling hours,
In ſocial converſe, innocently gay.

Come, nature, beſt informer! kindly lead
Along the flow'ry walk, trod by the feet
Of youthful pleaſure; guide our heedleſs ſteps,
And ſafe conduct us to the Bow'r of Bliſs!
Supreme directreſs! ſhe the breaſt inſtructs
To breathe Love's purer flame, graceful improves
Each varied motion, beams th' expreſſive eye,
And gives to Beauty all her pow'r to charm.
O! let her influence fill the diff'rent ſcenes
Of Joy and Love—whether we careleſs ſtray
Along the painted mead, where fragrance blends
Her thouſand ſweets; or tread the lengthen'd walk,
While Muſic cheers the ſoul, and viſtas green
Riſe to the view, and pour their freſh delights
On the bewilder'd eye; or if we move
Along the hall, refulgent with the blaze
Of India's ſtores, and ev'ry meaſure trace
Or ſlow or ſprightly, while the lover feels
Unuſual tranſports ruſh upon his ſoul
In admiration loſt. Ah! here, ye fair,
Your gayeſt moments paſs: as to the touch

Ye yield your hand, with palpitations quick
The ſnowy boſom heaves, and unreſerv'd
Breathes the warm wiſh of kind conſenting Love.

FAR from the boſom of the tender fair,
Where Love alone ſhould dwell, fly baſe deceit,
Nor ſtain with perfidy the ſacred ſhrine.
Who's ſhe that looks with high imperious mien,
In yonder walk, amidſt her rivals, deck'd
In yellow robes reſplendent? how ſhe moves
With practis'd air, and darts her meaning glance
Amidſt the throng! thrown proſtrate at her feet
The lover pleads, nor ſhe the lover hears;
But, ſwoln with pride of conqueſt, ſcornful ſmiles.
Yet if arous'd, and conſcious of his wrongs,
He bids the *laſt adieu*, ſhe yet in ſtore
Has thouſand winning wiles: the blood forſakes
Her blooming cheek, and on her coral lip
Steals paleneſs; while adorn'd in all the charms
Of weeping Beauty, ſhe reſiſtleſs holds
The lover ſtill her own. With ſtreaming eyes
Again he views her, and his yielding heart
Melts with returning Love.—Inconſtant ſtill,
She, nor by Pity mov'd, nor Gratitude,
Nor awful Virtue, to the ſighing ſlave
Reſigns her heart—there vanity ſtill dwells,
'Midſt her fantaſtic joys enthron'd, and plans
Unnumber'd conqueſts o'er admiring Man.
Love is not her's, ſhe never taſtes the ſweets
Of mutual rapture, mutual fond eſteem,

Nor

Nor knows the charms of truth; her boſom beats
With other throbs. Anxieties and fears,
Ambition's train! vex her aſpiring ſoul,
And diſappointment leaves its baleful ſting.
Be this her portion! let her ſtill poſſeſs
The dear deceits!—Awake, deluſive thoughts,
Self-adulation come, and in her breaſt
Your ſoft enchantments pour! life's glories raiſe
The ſplendid ſcene, and deck th' exulting fair
In all your fancied pomp!—Nor envy her,
Ye faithful few, whom the celeſtial grace
Of Truth inſpires! for, while ſhe eager graſps
The flatt'ring forms, they faithleſs all elude
Her fond embrace, and fleet in empty air.

The fair Amanda knows no practis'd guile
To captivate the ſoul: ſweet Innocence
And Truth are her's, and Beauty unadorn'd,
Save when diffuſive ſteals the glowing bluſh,
And ſhews her bright in ev'ry virgin charm.
Her eyes no conqueſts ſeek, nor beats her breaſt
With anxious throbs; ſhe affectation's wiles
Nor practiſes nor knows: ſtranger to theſe,
She, only conſcious of her virgin worth,
Heaves nature's ſighs, and, dreſt in nature's grace,
All lovely ſeems, and moves attractive on
Amidſt admiring ſwains: at her approach
Each boſom flutters, while the lovely maid
Nor ſcornful looks, nor with conſenting ſmile
Bids admiration all its incenſe pour

To her bewitching charms: yet on her brow
Modeſt reſerve oft ſits, forbidding all
Love's wanton hopes. The fair Amanda thus
Reſiſtleſs empire holds; while aw'd we gaze
On ev'ry charm, and at a diſtance ſigh.

Yet while the ſeaſon of your blooming youth
Glides gently on, and lib'ral nature ſhow'rs
Her gayeſt bleſſings, peaceful, on your heads;
O! then let Science on your eaſy hours
Serenely ſteal: oft when the buſy ſcene
Of meddling Care, and fond officious Love
Sits on your eyes, and Solitude invites
To Meditation, let her mind infuſe
Her ſweet inſtruction: ſhe the ſoul exalts
To dignity; for when, with Knowledge bleſs'd,
Fair Beauty ſmiles upon the bluſhing brow,
Her ſoft perſuaſion wins the yielding heart
Reſiſtleſs, each with glowing ardour hears
Her eloquence divine, the tuneful flow
Of ſweeteſt periods, warbling from the lips
Where raptures hang: the captivated ſoul,
While Beauty triumphs, owns her boundleſs ſway.

Oft let me wander thro' the green retreat,
Where Meditation dwells, and roſes ſhed
Their mild perfumes wak'd by the genial breath
Of May, while gently by the purling ſtream
Its cryſtal waters rolls: to crown my bliſs
Let ſweet Ardelia come, on her attends

Each

Each mild engaging grace, each nameleſs charm
Alluring; Nature, bounteous, on her brow
Beams all its beauties, and the ſoul by her
Is charm'd to rapture, ſhe the mind informs
With knowledge, which from her perſuaſive tongue
Alluring ſtreams; while Muſic lends its voice
Melodious, and the Sapphic Muſe awaits
Soft in her train, to breathe into her breaſt
Th' inſpiring Genius; ſhe in melting lays,
Sweet as herſelf, in the warm boſom wakes
The fond delights of Love. Here let us join
To ſing of Nature, as we pleas'd ſurvey
The beauteous landſcape round, or frequent turn
The moving page, where glows poetic flame
And harmony; with nature's Shakeſpear rove
Thro' all his fairy regions, or oft fly
With Milton, boundleſs, through ethereal worlds.
Let raptur'd fancy feel the circling year
Roll o'er our heads, and mark the changing ſcenes
Of nature, dreſt in his immortal lays,
Who ſung the Seaſons. Thus may gentle hours
In ſweet improvement paſs, and ſtill return
Auſpicious; for with thee, the beating heart
Feels fond emotion, and the ſoul diſſolves
In ſpeechleſs tranſport of encreaſing joy.

Ye lovely fair, while flow'ry chaplets bind
Your youthful brows, and o'er the verdant paths

Ver. 417. Seaſons.] Written by Mr. Thomſon.

Of

Of gently gliding life; ye graceful ſweep,
Array'd in purple pride; as on your breaſt
The diamond ſhines, and in your floating train
The ruby glows, and emeralds around
Beſet the flying robe; while dazzling thus
In orient pomp, forgive if yet the Muſe,
In moralizing ſtrains, eſſays to draw
The ev'ning veil o'er all the glitt'ring ſhow.

VAIN is their blaze, which, like the noon-tide day,
Dazzles the eye: ſo flaunt the gawdy flow'rs
In vernal glory, wide diffuſing round
Their odoriferous ſweets, and ſhoot profuſe
Their bloſſoms forth, and flouriſh in their May,
In nature's livery clad; but when the ſun
Beams in his pride, they droop their bluſhing heads,
Their bloſſoms wither, and their varied tints
Fade with his ſultry rays. Behold, ye fair,
Your gay deluſions, read in nature's book
Their tranſitory life; how quickly fleets
The dream of pleaſure, at the pale approach
Of death, grim, blaſting all your pictur'd hopes.
So fell Amynta in her bloom of days.
Joy fluſh'd her brow, and expectation ſwell'd
Her beating boſom; Love its tribute paid
To her bewitching charms, about to taſte
Connubial tranſports, and in Damon's arms
To ſhare the licens'd bliſs; while virtue's ſelf
Beheld complacent the indulging pair.

Elated thus, the fair Amynta felt
The pangs of love; her wiſhes wing'd their flight
To future periods; in idea all
Life's ſofteſt bleſſings revel'd in her heart.
Oft did the lovers court the lonely ſhade,
Recluſely happy, there to mingle ſighs
In nature's warmth: thrown on the flow'ry lap
Of the freſh earth, where roſes bluſh around,
They breath'd their mutual vows, and taſted all
Th' endearing ſweets of uncorrupted love.
Dear hapleſs fair, amidſt her warmeſt hopes,
When fancy figur'd all the tender ſcene
Of mutual rapture, ſhe devoted fell
The mournful victim of the conqu'ring hand
Of unrelenting death: he dread approach'd,
And nature trembled at his ghaſtly mien.
Her Damon now, in moving ſtrains, laments,
And ſadly penſive to her ſacred tomb
He oft repairs, there drops a lover's tear;
While fond remembrance opens all the ſcene
Of paſt delight, calls forth his beauteous bride
In viſionary bloom, once more to blaze
In all-attractive charms, till loſt again
The phantom glides in air: all nature wears
To him a face of woe, the valleys round
Re-eccho doleful to his moving moan.

So Beauty fades, ſo fleets its ſhowy life,
As droops the lily, clad in all its pride
Of rich array. Yet while the penſive Muſe

Touches

Touches the ſprings of grief, may no dark gloom
O'erwhelm your ſouls, for innocence ſurvives
To bloom eternal: and while life invites
To view its gayer ſcenes, amidſt the pomp
Of radiant courts, ſtill cheerful move along
Its flow'ry walks, and lead with jovial heart
The laughing moments on; for Beauty ſhines
Firſt in the gaudy circles, and commands
Fond admiration.—As Britannia's ſons
Excel in every virtue, manly brave
Amidſt the alarms of fate, gen'rous, ſincere;
By glory kindled, may her virgins too,
Supremely fair, 'midſt beauty's brighteſt blaze
In ſoft perfections ſhine! may Hymen wave
His purple wings, and o'er the ſacred couch
His azure mantle ſpread, as down ye ſink
In wedlock's chaſte embrace, and oft renew
The hallow'd rapture: thus may peaceful life
Flow undiſturb'd, nor jarring feud invade
Your happy hours. And, ye gay circles, now
Forgive the Muſe, who daring thus hath ſung
Of Beauty's Triumphs, tho' unequal far
To the delightful theme; yet Beauty charm'd
My ſoul, and pour'd into my glowing breaſt
Her faſcination, led me thro' the maze
Of love: nor unambitious of applauſe
She courts your ſmiles, your's is her pleaſing ſong,
To you ſhe warbles, and devoted pays
Her fond oblation to your radiant charms.

But chief indulgent, 'midſt the ſhining throng
Will fair Florinda ſmile; ſhe firſt inſpir'd
My heart with love, to her my early Muſe
Her infant raptures pour'd; happy if now
Sweet flow my numbers on her judging ear,
And ſteal perſuaſive to her virgin breaſt.

F I N I S.

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